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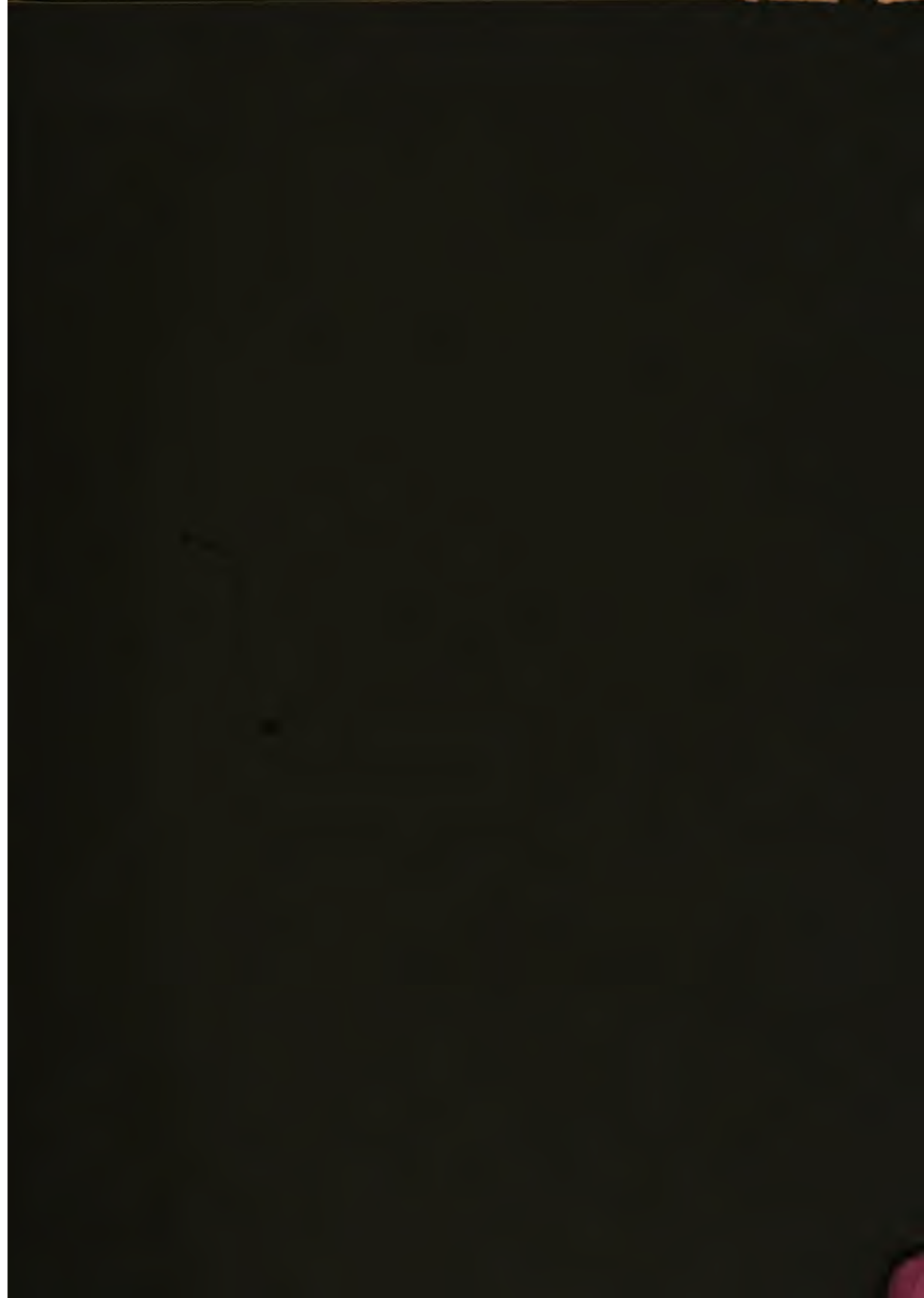
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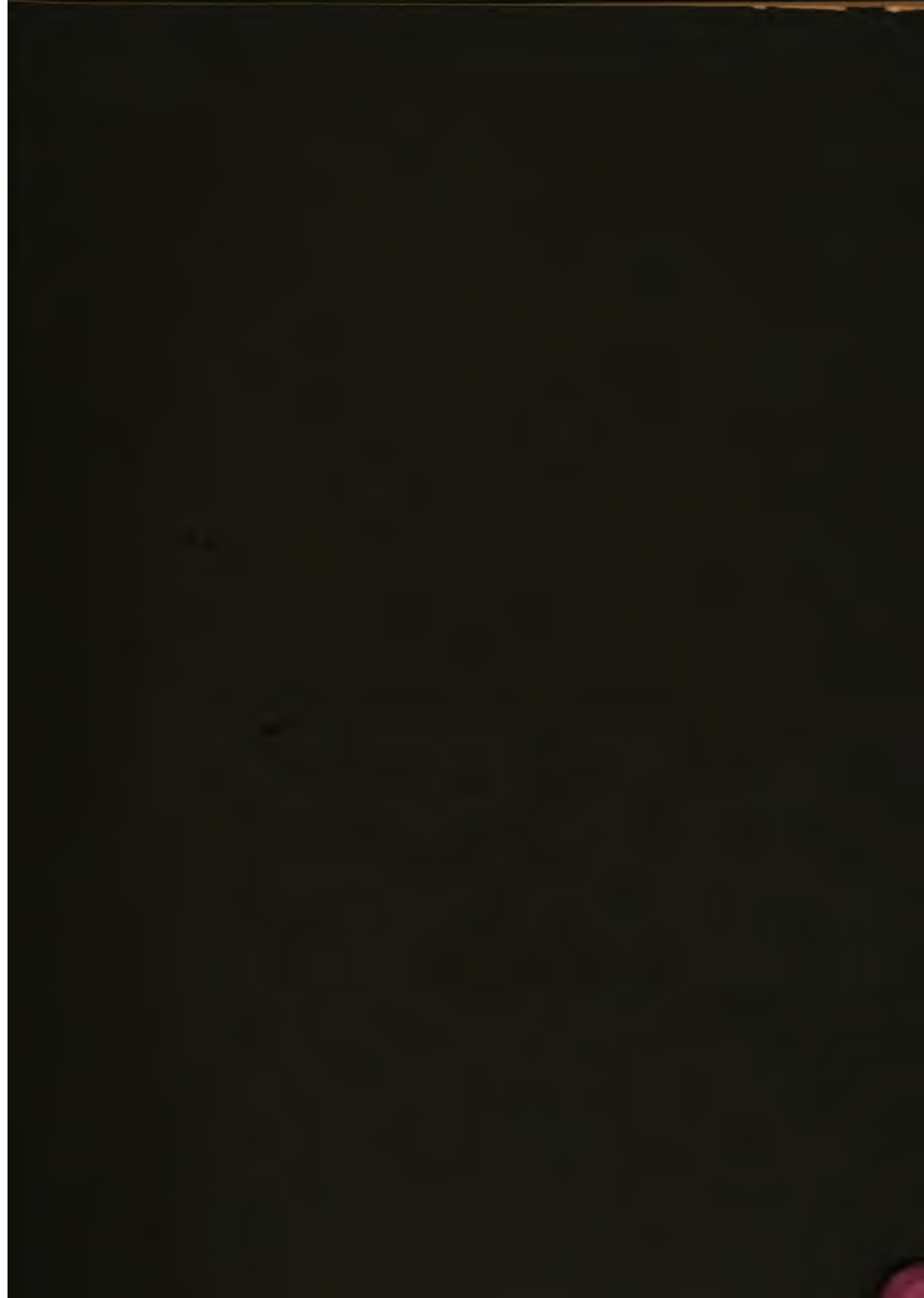


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SEQUEL
TO
ANNALS OF FIFTY YEARS:
A
HISTORY OF ABBOT ACADEMY

ANDOVER, MASS.

1879-1892

BY

PHILENA McKEEN.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION

BY

PROF. JOHN WESLEY CHURCHILL, D.D.

ANDOVER:
WARREN F. DRAPER.
1897.



ABBOT HALL SMITH HALL DRAPER HALL
GROUP OF ABBOT ACADEMY BUILDINGS

XXXX

HISTORY OF THE

ANDOVER

1870-1871

BY A. M. S.

AN INTER

BY

PROF. J. C. C. C. C.

ANDOVER
WARREN F. DE
1897.

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INTRODUCTION.

It often happens that when one has done anything remarkable there seems to be some combination of circumstances to prevent one from doing it again. The happy reverse of this is true in the case of the principal historian of the first half-century of the existence of Abbot Academy; for every influence and condition seem to have conspired to enable her to repeat her brilliant success of eighteen years ago, and to make this "Sequel to the Annals of Fifty Years" as valuable and noteworthy a volume as its admirable predecessor — "The History of Abbot Academy, 1829 — 1879."

The Trustees of the school, deeply appreciative of the incalculable worth of the former history, were not insensible to the rare opportunity which seemed to invite them to avail themselves of the scholarly leisure of the retired Principal, and ask her to finish the history of the Academy up to the time of her well-earned and deeply regretted retirement from office. Much had occurred during the last thirteen years of her efficient headship of the school which was pre-eminently deserving of a permanent record. It was evident that she was absolutely the only person who had the knowledge, experience, ability, enthusiasm, patience, taste, and literary skill, adequate to the preparation of a complete and trustworthy history. Her cheerful compliance with the unanimous request of the Board was deeply gratifying to them. Her acceptance simply implied the foregone

conclusion of the excellence which would characterize the execution of her trust.

The vitally significant fact in the composition of this volume is that the writer of the history is in a very true sense the history itself; for during these thirteen years she was the originating and directing soul of the important changes which have marked the internal and external development of the life of the Academy. Moreover, our author possesses in an eminent degree the invaluable, two-fold secret of a historian's success, — a true sense for the subject of her portrayal, and a single-hearted care for it.

With the genuine historian's love of truthfulness and accuracy of statement, and a great capacity for taking pains, Miss McKeen has carefully sifted and minutely tested the abundant and varied material which she has long and patiently accumulated. The correctness of every name and date, the exactness and aptness of every citation are as worthy of note as the judicious and harmonious arrangement of the narrative as a whole.

But Miss McKeen's wide and positive knowledge of her theme is permeated and dictated by an undivided and a disinterested affection for the object itself. The true saying that "a loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge" finds a fit illustration in the writing of this book. For eight and thirty years the entire interest of its author's life has centred in Abbot Academy. She can say of her beloved school with the strength and sincerity of the Psalmist's love for the Holy City: —

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her cunning.
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
If I remember thee not;
If I prefer not Jerusalem
Above my chief joy."

Her whole-hearted, unselfish devotion and that which flows from it is not only the all-sufficient key to this truth-

ful and graphic story of the rise and progress of Abbot Academy, it has also given the stamp to this earnest woman's own magnanimous character.

Her self-identification with the period which marks the most rapid growth of the school has necessarily given to the narrative an autobiographic turn, with the effect of heightening its interest and its charm. Nowhere, perhaps, is the personal element which pervades these chronicles more vividly seen than in her description of the aspirations, plans, facts, scenes, and incidents, which entered into the inception, construction, and equipment of Draper Hall — the distinguishing event in the recent history of Abbot Academy. The difficulties, discouragements, and final success of this great enterprise are faithfully and picturesquely portrayed. Every reader will be thrilled at the recital of

“most dangerous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes, * * * * *
And portance in her travels' history,”

as she resolutely pursued her appointed mission of securing funds for the erection of this splendid academic hall.

Nor need she feel like apologizing for this autobiographic strain. She tells her story to a chosen audience, — in a manner so earnest, so frank, so full of easy naturalness, of reality, and of joy, that the inward ear seems to hear the very tones of her voice; — she tells it, not to the great, general public, with “Prince Posterity” in her eye, but to the dearer family-circle, composed not only of the select and grateful spirits who know the graciousness and the worth of their Alma Mater, but also of the appreciative friends of the school who gladly recognize the benign influences that have fashioned the best life that graces hundreds of homes in our own country and in foreign lands.

Through her mastery of her subject, her painstaking, loving, and skilful exposition of it, Miss McKeen has left

unrecorded but little of the past of the school that is worthy of remembrance. She has given us a model of what such annals should be, and has made a distinct contribution to the history of the education of young women in America. She has refrained from drawing inferences from the interesting and significant facts she has presented; she has wisely left her readers to form their own opinions about them, and to come to conclusions for themselves. In view of the disclosures of the "History" and its "Sequel," we may venture to repeat the words of Professor Park, the venerable and distinguished President of the Board of Trustees:—"The school has justified its existence. It has proved itself to be no doubtful experiment. It has developed its power to live."

Neither has our historian cast any horoscopes. This, too, is a mark of her wisdom. For, as the career of many institutions has taught us, the most reasonable anticipations often fail; antecedents the most opposite mislead us, because the conditions of human problems never exactly repeat themselves. Some unforeseen feature, detected in its after-results, may alter everything that we had a right to expect.

Our annalist has made the past of the Academy a subject of stimulating contemplation. We have seen trustees and principals and teachers and pupils come and go, but the spirit of the institution lives on in a seemingly endless continuity. Its guardians revere the past of the school, and the central figure in it. They are impressed by its achievements in the face of discouragements and failures. Its written history will serve them as a commentary on the present and as a monitor for the future. They still hope to furnish to the wealthy friends of the education of women grounds of confidence for the future enlargement of the resources of the school, and the consequent quickening of its advancement. They also assure its friends that in all the re-adjustments to suit the needed adaptations of the hour they intend never to lose sight of the original, germinal

idea which fashioned the life of the Academy as expressed in these notable words: — “To form the immortal mind to tastes suited to an immortal being, and to instil principles of conduct and form the character for an immortal destiny, shall be subordinate to no other care.”

It is a source of deep satisfaction to her friends that the noble woman who for three and thirty years has done so much to realize this lofty ideal of the founders still blesses us with her benignant presence. While her chief glory is the accomplished task of fitting Abbot Academy to be a centre of intellectual and spiritual culture for the highest type of Christian womanhood, she has succeeded in “gilding refined gold” with the brightness of that glory as it shines in this crowning work of her later years. The Trustees would include themselves amongst her “troops of friends” in wishing that when the evening-time shall come she may surrender herself to the joy and calm which she so richly merits. Long may it be hers to continue to dwell in “Sunset Lodge” within the precincts of the Academy she has so disinterestedly loved and so devotedly served, breathing the atmosphere of contentment and expectation as she looks serenely and trustfully Homewards, and across the valley and beyond the everlasting hills.

“Where the days bury their golden suns
In the dear, hopeful West.”

JOHN WESLEY CHURCHILL,
Member of the Board of Trustees.

Andover, Mass., July, 1897.

PREFACE.

THE reason for writing this book appears from the following correspondence:—

ANDOVER, MASS., April 27, 1896.

MISS PHILENA McKEEN:—

Honored Madam,—The Trustees of Abbot Academy are more than grateful to you for the "Annals of Fifty Years" of the School you have done so much to make famous.

Your volume is an authority. Its value was never so manifest as to-day, in this two hundred and fiftieth year of the incorporation of the Town of Andover.

Thirty-three years hence will come the Centennial of Abbot. How interesting to her thronging friends of nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, should they possess, authentic and finished, the Chronicle of the thirty-three years of your own administration, from your own hand.

The Trustees do not desire to disturb your repose, but to harvest your labors.

They trust it may be in your power, as they know it will be in your heart, to complete the History of Abbot Academy to September, 1892, with a view to speedy publication.

We have the honor, dear Miss McKeen, to remain, with the warmest regards and highest consideration, your friends, the Trustees.

EDWARDS A. PARK, President.

W. F. DRAPER, Treasurer.

GEORGE RIPLEY, Clerk.

EDWARD G. PORTER,

J. W. CHURCHILL,

MORTIMER B. MASON,

HORACE H. TYER,

ARTHUR S. JOHNSON,

JOHN PHELPS TAYLOR,

MRS. FRANCES KIMBALL HARLOW,

MRS. HENRIETTA LEAROYD SPERRY.

TO PROFESSOR E. A. PARK, WARREN F. DRAPER,
GEORGE RIPLEY, and other reverend and honorable
members of the Board of Trustees of Abbot Academy:

Your valued communication, dated April twenty-seven,
1896, is before me.

I thank you for your friendly appreciation of the "Annals
of Fifty Years;" — the result of much time and strength
and patient investigation, cheered by collaboration with my
dear sister Phebe.

I am gratified that you wish me to continue the narration:
I shall be glad to *have done* it, — if it were well done. I
dread the labor involved, but I know that it would be less
difficult to me, than to any other person, to make the record.
So I will undertake the work which you ask of me, and,
God willing, "complete the History of Abbot Academy to
September 1892, with a view to its speedy publication."

In the bonds of Abbot Academy and of personal friend-
ship, I am yours,

PHILENA McKEEN.

SUNSET LODGE, ANDOVER, MASS.,
May 22, 1896.

My life has been so identified with the story of Abbot
Academy, — especially during the thirteen years to be re-
corded here, that it has seemed to me more simple and
natural, to use the first and third persons, at discretion.



*Cordially Yours,
Philena McKean.*

A SEQUEL TO "ANNALS OF FIFTY YEARS."

I.

AT the request of the Trustees, my sister Phebe Fuller McKeen and I agreed to write the history of Abbot Academy for the Semi-Centennial in 1879, which was then in the near distance.

The promise was more easily made than executed; for when we began to look about for information of the first twenty years, we found only a broken file of Catalogues and a few clippings from newspapers, which had been treasured by interested parties here and there. Before experience, it is past belief, how much can be wrested from an old Catalogue, assisted by the memory of "the oldest inhabitant." In the quandary, my sister said to me,—“If you will write the first page, I will write the last.” And so we began, and went on, exploring, gleaning or harvesting as opportunity offered.

But before the last chapter was reached, her health had failed utterly, and she had gone to Baltimore, Md., the latter part of December, 1879, to escape the rigor of the winter. At length, I wrote to her that I had brought the long story of the Semi-Centennial Festival up to the doxology, and asked if she felt able to write the last page of our History. She took it up at once, and wrote:

“The doxology was sung by the audience, a benediction was pronounced by Professor Park, and the happy festival

was ended. The multitude dispersed; the white sails of the great tents were furled, and the lawn, so lately trodden by thousands of feet, was left alone with its venerable oak, the school resumed the even tenor of its way and all went on as before.

Yet not as before.

Dear old friendships had been re-kindled by the clasping of hands. Hundreds of women, as they strayed through the once familiar halls, or begged to sit down once more in their "old room," or sought out their favorite haunts in the silent grove, or gazed into that Western sky where the airy castles of their girlhood were reared, had been living over again the inner history of the years. Listening to eloquent descriptions of the ideal woman in all her strength and sweetness, they had girded themselves anew to realise the high aspirations of their youth.

The old school had knit her Alumnae to herself with new ties, and had breathed into them a more ardent loyalty. The affectionate gratitude of each had been warmed by reflection from all the true-hearted met to pay honor to the same Alma Mater.

Teachers, as they gazed over that vast assembly, catching everywhere the bright glance of recognition, and reading in faces where years had been writing their records, the identity of well-remembered school-girls, were thrilled with joy to see them again,—to mark so many ennobling changes which the discipline of life had wrought. And yet, it was a solemn joy; it seemed a fearful thing to have had a hand in the making, or the marring of so many lives. But when throngs of noble, self-reliant women came about them with fervent expressions of what the school had done for them in their unformed youth, recalling little words of counsel, or long-forgotten acts of kindness as a lasting power in the building of their characters, they felt as if the harvest granted was great, out of all proportion to the seed sowing. It seemed as if no work on earth could be so richly re-

munerative as that in a girls' boarding-school. Therefore, they too, recorded new vows of fidelity to Abbot Academy, because the trial of the years had shown it to be such an engine of good.

It is yet to be seen whether all the enthusiasm of scholars, teachers, trustees, patrons, townspeople and friends, was, like the gay banners that floated, merely the decoration of those bright days of jubilee, or shall prove a genuine interest, which will lift the Academy upon broad and deep foundations, and enrich it with redoubled means of usefulness to the daughters of the future."

While the book was in press, my sister was called to fullness of joy in His presence, and to pleasures forevermore at His right hand.

A very appreciative study of her character and work and a statement of the circumstances in which she met the Lord, are given by Professor Park in his Introduction to the History of Abbot Academy, which he was writing, when interrupted by a telegram announcing her death, June third, 1880.

In my absence, during the few remaining weeks of the school year, I received the following letter from Mr. W. F. Draper:

ANDOVER, JUNE 7, 1880.

DEAR MISS McKEEN:

The Trustees deeply sympathize with you in the death of your sister, and keenly feel their own loss in this great bereavement. I trust that you derive comfort by calling to mind the many merciful circumstances attending it. It is a relief that there was no long, severe, and painful ending; that her mind was filled with pleasant thoughts and anticipations, and with Christian hope and trust to the last moment. As expressed by Prof. Smyth in his prayer at the Chapel, yesterday morning, she was permitted to lift up her eyes whence came her help, and then, in a moment, as it were in a twinkling, to go forth to walk over those heavenly hills.

As the tidings shall spread from one to another of her

former pupils, how many of them will call her blessed, and be stimulated to greater usefulness in remembrance of her example and her virtues.

The Trustees desire to give expression to our sympathy by sending you the enclosed check for \$200.00, which may aid you in meeting the expenses of the occasion. I also enclose a check for the sum we should have paid Miss Phebe at the close of the term.

Very truly yours,

W. F. DRAPER.

The second half-century began under the shadow of this great loss to the school. Old pupils and other friends raised twenty-five hundred dollars to found a Phebe Fuller McKeen scholarship as a memorial to her. The advantage of it is limited to some member of the Senior Class, and every year it has secured to the school some of the brightest talent in that class.

II.

SMITH HALL was built in 1854, and had now been in use about thirty years, having suffered the ordinary effects of wear and tear; the original plan being to put as many persons as possible into the least practicable space, had been carried out; the wing had been extended, and yet there was not room for the pupils who came to us. Through the liberality of our generous trustee, Hon. George L. Davis, another house, subsequently called "Davis Hall," was given to the school; and, a little later, the trustees purchased the house upon the southerly side of the Academy, afterwards known as "South Hall." Sometimes we sent a little colony of girls to a neighbor's house, with a teacher to care for them.

These later acquisitions were old houses, and poorly adapted to our use: it was a humiliating duty to take applicants to the four attic rooms, whose slanting roofs allowed no natural place for furniture and a part of the scanty middle space in the floor was occupied by a chimney running up through the centre of the room. No available logic was powerful enough to put new-comers upon such high ethical ground as to satisfy them that since they came here to study, the physical conditions were of little importance, "the mind is its own place," and that, although the light in the room was insufficient

"He that hath light within his own clear breast,
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day."

We used to wish that it was one of the prerogatives of the Trustees to show parents and new pupils to the rooms assigned.

Meanwhile, other schools were erecting fine buildings,

and, though the patience and loyalty of our pupils were marvelous, we knew that this heroism must succumb in time.

Year after year this view was urged upon the attention of the Trustees at their annual meetings, and, as often, was deferred till some more convenient season, till the burden of anxiety grew too heavy to be borne. In June, 1884, I again laid the subject before the Trustees, urging that better accommodation was really a vital question to the school; that money could doubtless be raised for Abbot Academy as it had been for other schools, and that it would be less difficult then, than a few years later, when old scholars would be less at home here. I also made specifications of what, in my judgment, should be met in the new buildings.

The news seemed too good to be true, when reply came to me that, at length, the Board had taken action and had appointed a committee on plans and also upon building. The first consisted of the following gentlemen: Professor J. W. Churchill, Messrs. W. F. Draper and Mortimer B. Mason. The second, was made up by the same persons with the addition of Mr. George Ripley.

These committees at once set about their business, and subsequently reported that several architects, five in Boston and one in Lowell, had agreed to enter into competition in making plans without charge, unless the plan should be accepted. A copy of the specifications which I prepared for the trustees, was sent, by them, to each of these architects as a suggestion of the ends to be met, each in his own way.

It was an exciting and a happy time when, weeks later, the plans were all on exhibition, in Mrs. Draper's dining-room, whose walls and tables were covered by them; never was picture gallery more carefully studied; it was interesting to see how differently the same thought had been conceived and given outward expression; each architect had his strong and his weaker points.

Trustees and teachers and interested friends gradually made up their minds ; fortunately, the final decision lay with the trustees, who chose Messrs. Hartwell and Richardson, of Boston, Mass., to plan the new building for Abbot Academy. We were then hoping to erect a central house, which the architects denominated the Administration Building, two Language Halls, and a new Academy. My pet scheme was to have the dining-rooms of the French and German Halls so connect with the dining-room of the Administration Building as to make one general assembly-room at family worship, and on special occasions ; and yet, to have the three dining-rooms so isolated, at will, that conversation could be carried on, simultaneously, in French, German, and English, not only without mental annoyance, but to the highest practical advantage of colloquial expression. But the plan was not cordially adopted by the language teachers, and the Trustees found practical difficulties in the way. Accordingly, I reluctantly withdrew it. Time put a stern veto upon it, as we could not raise money for more than one house. Our plans had been large, for our needs were great, and our faith fed our hope. In the backward look, our courage seems almost pathetic.

After all, the main question was, "How is the money to be raised?"

The following note was one day put into my hands :

"At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Abbot Academy it was voted that it is the earnest desire of the Board that Miss McKeen should take active part in securing funds for the new buildings ; that her expenses be paid and such assistance as may be required in school be provided.

ANDOVER, JUNE 10, 1884.

In behalf of the Board,

GEORGE RIPLEY, Clerk.

Imagine my consternation ! Of course, I would gladly bear my part with the rest, in soliciting funds as opportunity should offer. Could it be that I was desired to leave the

school for a campaign of begging, and that the chief responsibility of raising the money, without which there could be no new buildings, was laid upon me? I was overwhelmed by the thought; I also doubted my ability to do it; I had never carried about a subscription paper for any object, so far as I could remember. I had, indeed, often tried to interest some person in the case of a needy pupil, or to secure some special object of great importance to the school. But to go out as soliciting agent for the school was abhorrent to me. However, proper arrangements were made for school work and for the care of the family. I expressly stipulated with the Trustees that I need not go to strangers to whom it would be necessary to state the existence of Abbot Academy, but only to those who had personal knowledge of the school by connection with it, or through those with whom they were in familiar relations.

Preparation was made by carefully examining the school records; — in which I was assisted by Miss Jennie Pearson, — now Mrs. Stanford, — who was then acting as my special secretary; our search was for the names of such as were supposably able to help, and who might reasonably be expected to be interested in the enterprise.

These were grouped in geographical rail-road relations, and the campaign was laid out. Many friends protested against my going alone and having the care of details incident to travel and at hotels and by the way, in addition to my special mission; I was therefore allowed to take with me Miss Mattie Kenneson, of the class of '85, a devoted friend and pupil, and who would relieve me of many minor cares, and find the trip a personal advantage. My method of procedure was generally as follows: from the addresses of persons whom I wished to see in any city, or town, I selected one to whom I would first report myself and if possible, secure her help in finding others without useless expenditure of time and strength. This worked admirably; the special helper so elected, in whatsoever town

chosen, was invariably enthusiastic and wise and unsparing in effort.

Mr. Draper had prepared two subscription-books for my use, with the heading, "We, the undersigned, hereby agree to give to the Trustees of Abbot Academy the sums herein set to our respective names for the purpose of providing new buildings for the better accommodation of the said Academy. The sum of one hundred and fifty thousand, — \$150,000, — is required. And we agree to pay the said sum to the Treasurer of said Trustees, on notice of sixty days, provided the sum one hundred thousand, — 100,000, — shall be subscribed on or before July 1, 1886." One book was to be used for larger, and the other for smaller, subscriptions.

It seemed to me to be eminently suitable that the Trustees should head my lists, as vouchers for the usefulness of the school, and that the names and subscriptions of Andover people should have the next place; for if our neighbors should decline to endorse us, it would be useless to go out of town for aid.

III.

THESE preliminaries having been settled, I entered upon the duties of my new office, that of soliciting-agent for Abbot Academy.

My first call was made upon one of the Trustees who had been absent from the meeting of the Board when the members made their subscriptions, and my third call was upon an ex-Trustee ; each of these gentlemen subscribed one thousand dollars ; the second call was upon a prominent citizen, who had no connection with the school, but who entered one hundred dollars. Twenty-one hundred dollars taken late in the afternoon of the first day was heartening. I began to think it was not to be so dreadful after all. But there were to be days and *days*. In visiting the various places of business in town, the answer to my question, "Is Mr. ——— in?" was generally "No; this is his day in Boston. The next day's visit found him at home and courteous, but cautious, saying "I will do something, but I cannot now decide how much." The weary way home, and back the third time, often brought a gratifying subscription. Neighbors, business men, professors, ladies, people generally, were very sympathetic and liberal. As Judge Morton made his subscription, and looked over the lists, he remarked in substance, — "This book must be a great satisfaction to you, independently of the amount promised, for it is a remarkable showing of the good will of all classes of people, and the high estimation in which the school is held at home."

Having thoroughly canvassed Andover, I started upon my outside trip. The first entry in my diary is February 1, 1886. "Came to Fitchburg, and simply went to bed; too tired even to think."

The next day, I went to Gardner where I received much kindness and \$650.00. I made many calls in Fitchburg, Worcester, Spencer, Westboro', and Leicester. In one of these places from which I had hoped the most, a clergyman, who was an acquaintance of mine, on looking over my list for work there, pronounced it singularly unpromising and said if my time was worth anything I "had better go along." But I made many calls there.

Providence, Attleboro', and New Bedford were next visited. The rain was pouring in torrents in New Bedford. I took a cab by the hour and called upon friends there who subscribed \$60.00. Next morning, it was announced at the rail-road station that the Superintendent of the Old Colony rail-road had forbidden the sale of any tickets, or the reception of any baggage, and announced that if any person travelled over their road it would be at his own risk. We had only Taunton in mind for that morning, and as the conductor said he should run the train very slowly, and did not think there could be any real danger, we carried out our plan and in safety.

We found ourselves stranded in Taunton, much of which was so flooded that communication between different parts of the city was largely cut off. The fourth day brought us to the determination to leave by the only rail-road open, which was a straight way back to Boston; we passed through dangers seen and unseen; our faith was especially tried as we went through a flooded district a mile-and-a-half long and equally wide; the depth covered our wheels; we moved as slowly as we could and move at all, not knowing but that the next instant might plunge us into deeper depths; a strong current swept across our track, and there was a constant fear that the water might extinguish the fire in the engine, — and then! We were thankful to get back to Boston, and more glad to get home to Andover.

I sent for some of the Trustees to hear my report, almost hoping that they would not think it best for me to try long-

er, but they looked upon the result of the experiment more favorably than I did. Accordingly, after a week, at the subsidence of the waters, I started for Springfield, where I made calls according to my program, and also went to Chicopee to see Mrs. Ellen Huse-Ames, class of '35, who, at the Semi-Centennial, had presented to the school a copy the beautiful bronze "Spinning-Girl," cast at the Ames foundry. The visits in Springfield were pleasant, but added only seventy dollars to my books.

My next efforts were in Connecticut; — Hartford, Glastonbury, Wethersfield, New Britain, Plantsville, New Haven, and New London. After two days in North Adams, Mass., we took our way westward to Pittsburg, Pa., via Buffalo, delaying a little at Utica, New York. Our path had been flecked with sunshine and shadows, but there was more light than darkness. From Pittsburg, we went to Sewickly and Allegheny City, to Catasauqua and Pottsville, finding warm welcome and sympathy everywhere and more or less help. Subscriptions of one hundred, one hundred and fifty, and two hundred dollars, were not infrequent. At Pottsville we were met at the rail-road station by Mr. Heber S. Thompson, who took us to his delightful home to spend the Sabbath, and advised and assisted me in my special mission on Monday. Mrs. Thompson gave an evening reception to Abbot pupils and their friends living in Pottsville, that I might see them all. In that charming house, I received not only kind hospitality, but one hundred dollars in the name of the daughter Emily then a pupil at Abbot, and five hundred from her cousin Bessie Baird, who had written from Abbot Academy asking her guardian uncle to subscribe that sum for her. From many points, I sent letters, enclosing printed pledges to persons whom I could not see, as they lived off my route.

When we reached New York City, Miss Kenneson returned to her friends in Lowell, and I gladly accepted the invitation of Mrs. William I. Walker, — Marion Dwight,

of class '75 — to make my home with her at No. 31 Mount Morris Avenue, her father's elegant residence. My sister and I had repeatedly enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. John Dwight, whose three daughters had successively been pupils at Abbot Academy, and had thus kept up a continuous connection of ten years between their family and the school. Mr. and Mrs. Walker looked over my list of addresses and planned each day's work beforehand. Mrs. Walker went with me everywhere, taking me in her own carriage to call upon ladies, and going by public conveyances when my more unpleasant duty bade me seek gentlemen in their places of business. Mr. and Mrs. Dwight were absent in a milder climate, and it was peculiarly grateful to me one evening, when Mr. Walker remarked that, before leaving, Mr. Dwight had charged him with a commission for me, and handed me his check for one thousand dollars!

It had been planned by the Trustees to hold a reception for Abbot Academy in New York, while I should be there. Mr. and Mrs. Walker and Dr. and Mrs. George A. Spalding — Rebecca A. Davis, of class '68, — by their practical knowledge and generous enthusiasm, rendered inestimable aid; indeed, the *alumnæ* in New York and Brooklyn and adjacent places were very sympathetic and loyal. The place chosen was Delmonico's, where the arrangements were, of course, complete. Professor J. W. Churchill and Rev. E. G. Porter happily represented the Board of Trustees, and very strong and friendly words were spoken for the school by Rev. Dr. John Hall, Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, Rev. Dr. E. L. Clark, and Rev. Dr. S. H. Virgin; an appreciative letter of regret from Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs of Brooklyn was read; the wives of Drs. Virgin and Storrs are *alumnae* of Abbot Academy. Professor Churchill added interest to the occasion by showing and explaining the architectural plans of the new building. The one unfortunate circumstance was the violent rain storm which was raging, so that many who had counted upon the occa-

sion as a rare opportunity, were kept away; but the remnant, who were there, rejoiced each in the other, and in a quickened faith in the future of Abbot Academy. The whole sum raised in New York and Brooklyn was five thousand and ten dollars.

The program for my special trip was now completed and I gladly returned to Andover. I had left home on the first day of February, and it was now April. I had visited old pupils and members of their families, in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and New York. The reluctance with which I entered upon the work continued with me to the end; I dreaded the last call which I made, as much as I had dreaded the first. I regret that the amount raised was not larger, but I rejoice that it was not smaller.

My great reward was in seeing so many of our former pupils; my sudden appearance was a great surprise, and the welcome received was unmistakably cordial. I saw them in their own homes, in their everyday life, and found them centres of refinement and intelligence and usefulness within, and of manifold activities without. They cherished affectionate remembrances of the school, and were glad to assist, as far as possible, in our great enterprise.

In the busy life at school, I had never justly estimated its high calling; but in this nearer view of results, I experienced a re-adjustment of interests; the new buildings which had so long filled my vision, sank to less importance, and *the school* rose, a beautiful temple, of which our daughters were as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. To help to build it was noblest and best; it was enough.

Many others were also trying to raise money. At the invitation of Mrs. Daniel Chamberlain, the Trustees held a reception in her pleasant parlors in Chester Square, Boston. Professor J. W. Churchill presided, and Rev. E. G. Porter and Mr. Warren F. Draper assisted: the importance of the

occasion was emphasized by the presence and words of Professor Park, the long-time President of the Board. Mr. Hartwell, of the firm of Hartwell and Richardson, explained the principal points in their architectural plans for the building, of which drawings were exhibited, and expressed his deep interest in the school. A letter from the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin was read; and Mr. Edwin Reed, of Cambridge, spoke of the influence of Abbot through the mothers, in so many families throughout the country. Rev. Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, who has long shown a friendly interest in the school, spoke of the toilsome growth, saying that almost every object in it, has its history. Our beloved friend, Rev. Phillips Brooks, alluded to his kinship with the founder of Abbot, and said in substance, "It is because it is believed that while Abbot Academy has her traditions, she is not resting upon them, that her claim upon the kindness of those who feel a deep interest in the education of young women is recognized. No institution so takes on personality as a school; I see the various colleges almost as if they had features, and we may have some such feeling about Abbot Academy. Then there is so much in the quality of an old institution if it keeps abreast of the times. The period of the founding of Abbot Academy was an interesting one; it was a time when old ideas were being left behind and new thought was just taking the place of the old. Great processes which have not yet begun to fulfil themselves, had just begun to appear. No one can think of the Academy without feeling grateful for that religious character which it is easier for an old school to keep, than for a new school to acquire. Then too, there is an advantage in its location, for there is much economy and much value in the educational atmosphere of a town like Andover."

Later, a similar meeting was held in Lowell, at the house of Rev. C. A. Dickinson, whose wife is a graduate of the school. Addresses were made by Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, who rejoiced that his wife and six daughters had been educated

at Abbot, and by Hon. Joshua N. Marshall, whose daughter belongs to the Alumnæ.

These occasions were pleasant and, no doubt, awakened a broader and deeper interest in the cause.

The efficiency of the Alumnae Association was great and constant. Classes of graduates, pledged themselves to definite amounts.

Money often came from persons who had not been visited ; from Illinois, Michigan, Kansas, Georgia and Maine. An old scholar who was teaching in a foreign land, sent two pounds ; a graduate, just upon the eve of her marriage, sent her pledge for one hundred dollars. Miss Kate Tyer, '62, just before her death, pledged two hundred dollars, adding, — " I truly wish it were five times as much as it is, but I do what I can." A little girl, ten years old, sent " ten dollars of her own money," and a little three-year old grandson of Abbot Academy, in Minnesota, sent five dollars toward building a new house for his Mamma's school.

The servants in the family shared the general spirit of liberality and self-sacrifice. When Miss Kimball paid them their wages, Mary, the cook, who had served in her place sixteen years, handed back five dollars, saying, " I am ashamed to be reaching out that little, but I'm sure I want a hand in the new buildings as well as the rest of them." Without a suggestion from any one, Ellen and Mary, the laundry girls, Mary of the dining-room, and Katie McCarthy, who waited upon the door so many years with a hearty Irish welcome for old scholars, each, handed back two dollars from her wages for hard work, saying, " We are glad to give it," and Katie added, " It's been a good home to us."

IV.

NOTWITHSTANDING the generosity of many friends, we were entering upon anxious days, for, as has been stated, the subscriptions taken in our books, were made payable on condition that one hundred thousand dollars should be subscribed on, or before July 1, 1886.

That date was now close at hand and the amount seemed very far off. Must we lose all which had been accomplished and accept a failure? Less than a month before the expiration of hope, the trustees issued the following circular to subscribers :

ANDOVER, MASS., JUNE 5, 1886.

The Trustees of Abbot Academy have received, with gratitude, your pledge in aid of the proposed new buildings for the Academy, conditional upon the raising of one hundred thousand dollars by July 1, 1886. The time set has nearly expired, and has been found inadequate for the purpose. About one-half the above amount has been pledged, and a part of it paid in. Under these circumstances, it has been thought best, to ask those who have made their pledges, to waive the condition limiting the time of raising the whole sum, and to allow the trustees to proceed with any one of the buildings separately, whenever, in their judgment, the funds in hand and promised, will warrant.

If, therefore, you are willing to allow your pledge to stand, and permit the trustees to act in accordance with the circumstances as above indicated, please subscribe this circular and return it at once to W. F. Draper, Andover, Mass. If agreeable to you to enclose the amount of your pledge, it would further the object in many ways. A considerable number of subscribers have already paid; every dollar received, makes the whole plan more speedily certain.

For the Committee,

W. F. DRAPER, Treasurer.

I hereby consent to the plan herein proposed.

Nearly all of the subscribers cordially accepted the proposition of the Trustees ; one gentleman not only paid his subscription of one hundred dollars, but added interest upon it, from the date of the pledge.

But there were a few cases which pained us very much, where individuals refused to pay, saying they were released from the obligation as the original condition was not met ; thus they ignored the manifest fact that the need of the school was growing with the years.

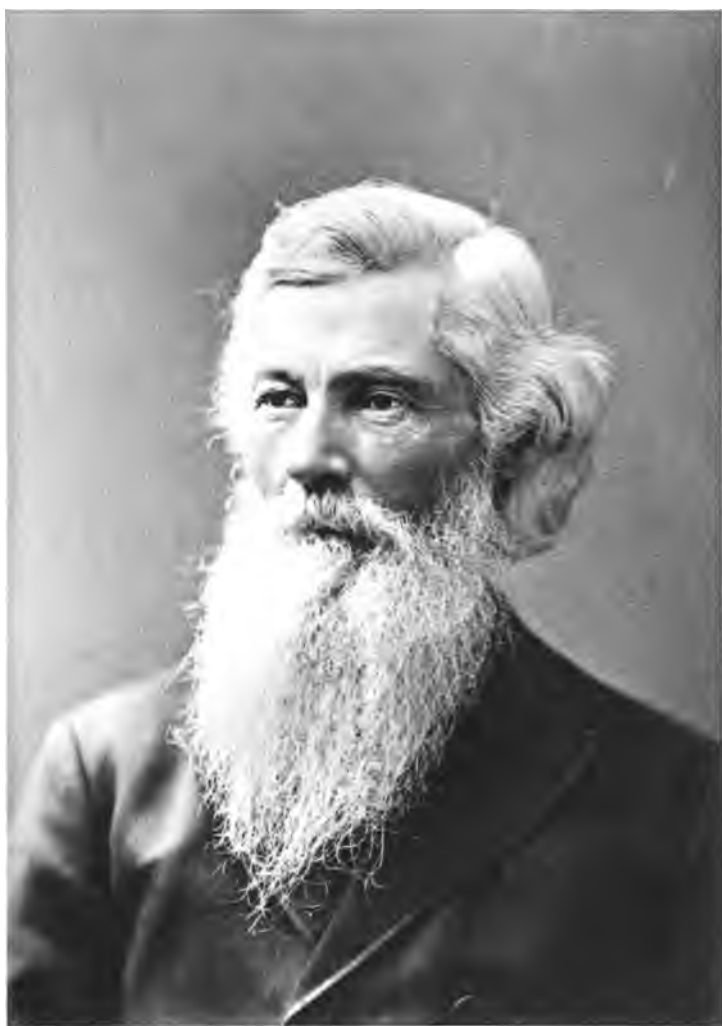
The Trustees, meanwhile, were preparing to build. They bought what was then known as the "Mason House" so as to control the land adjacent to the proposed new building. After receiving the estimates of several builders, it was decided to sign a contract with Messrs. Hardy & Cole, of Andover, for the erection of the new Administration Building. It was also voted by the Trustees to authorize the committee on plans to remove the Academy Building in a southerly direction to the location proposed in the rear of South Hall, and to refit the same under the superintendence of an architect ; it was afterwards voted to call the Academy Building "Abbot Hall."

But money came in slowly, and at length, we seemed to be hopelessly rutted. In this emergency the following letter was received :

ANDOVER, JULY 3, 1888.

To the Trustees of Abbot Academy :

GENTLEMEN : — In view of the need of the Academy for better accommodations, and the difficulty thus far experienced, in securing them, and appreciating the urgency of their early attainment, I propose to increase my subscription for the new buildings to twenty-five thousand dollars. I propose to pay the three thousand dollars heretofore subscribed, as soon as the other members of the Board shall pay in their respective subscriptions. I shall pay the remaining twenty-two thousand dollars when the total receipts for the building fund, exclusive of any subscriptions or pledges to specific language halls, shall reach the sum of sixty thousand dollars actually paid in, or fully secured.



Warren F. Draper.

Sincerely desiring to promote the best interests of the Academy, I am very truly yours,

WARREN F. DRAPER.

The effect of Mr. Draper's magnificent gift was electrical; hope revived; self-sacrifice was suggested to the rest of us; and we began to believe that the new building really might emerge from the mythical into the actual.

At a meeting two weeks later, the Trustees took more definite action in regard to the great work and decided that "the building, when completed, shall be called *Draper Hall* in honor of the largest contributor towards its erection." They also "voted that Miss McKeen be specially designated and requested to procure the additional subscriptions necessary to make available the offer of Mr. Draper."

In the summer of 1887, Smith Hall had been moved to the higher land in front of the grove, which was advantageous, not only in securing a fine background and a more commanding location, but it gave the young ladies of that family freedom in out-door life and choice of a sunny lawn, or a shady retreat. The thrifty woodbine which fringes the edge of the piazza was safely moved, by placing it undisturbed in a tub which stood upon the floor, during its short, and yet long, journey, and when it was over, the roots took gratefully to the new situation, and the old vine made the house look as if it had always been there. A special interest attaches to it as it was a root from the porch of the old parsonage in Bradford, Vermont, sent to my sister and myself, by our father, as a bit of home. May it be tenderly cherished in the years to come!

The anniversary of 1888 is memorable; for, after the public exercises, the collation, and the Alumnæ meeting were over, several zealous souls gathered at the place where the new building was to stand, and I had the joy of lifting the first spadeful of earth from the coming cellar, and the work went on in the hands of teachers, the newly-made

graduates, pupils, and alumnæ. Thus a beginning was really made.

During the succeeding vacation, by a contract with Mr. A. M. Ellis of Malden, the old Academy was moved. According to Professor Park, it was said at the time of its erection to be the best school edifice in Essex County, or even in Massachusetts. The noble brick building with its Ionic porch has the prouder distinction of having been erected for the first incorporated school for girls in New England, perhaps in this country. It had maintained its standing since 1828, and was now asked to move one side, which it did with so much dignity and quietness, that a plaster cast of the Portland vase, which had inadvertently been left standing upon a small bracket upon a wall, was found undisturbed in its place. The Academy was set immediately behind South Hall, with only a narrow alley between; they quarrelled; South Hall quenched a broadside of sunlight which changed bright, happy recitation rooms into dark, cold and dreary places; she sent the odors from her kitchen to her unwelcome neighbor. But the Academy got the mastery in the strife; being higher, her chimneys spoiled the draft of the lower building; the fires would not burn; the smoke would not go up; and life became almost intolerable in the house upon the street.

We had a great surprise one day in the fall of 1889; a very great surprise. We were in recitation in Number One, which used to be so light and was now under an eclipse, when, suddenly, we heard a strange sound, and immediately, the sun burst into the room! We sprang to our feet, and, behold, South Hall was riding off, in high indignation, in search of a better fortune. A few days later, the building passed by my bed-room, in Smith Hall, and Patrick, who continued to live in it while it was *en route*, bowed to me from his window; it finally settled itself farther down the grounds, facing Abbot Street.

Meanwhile, although the Academy was well settled upon her new foundations, changes were being made within; carpenters' benches and timber and shavings occupied the rooms upon the entrance floor; voices in recitations were overpowered by the constant blows of hammers. Winter was coming on, and it was considered unsafe to kindle a fire in the furnace; we knew it was not only unsafe, but very dangerous to stay in that building at all.

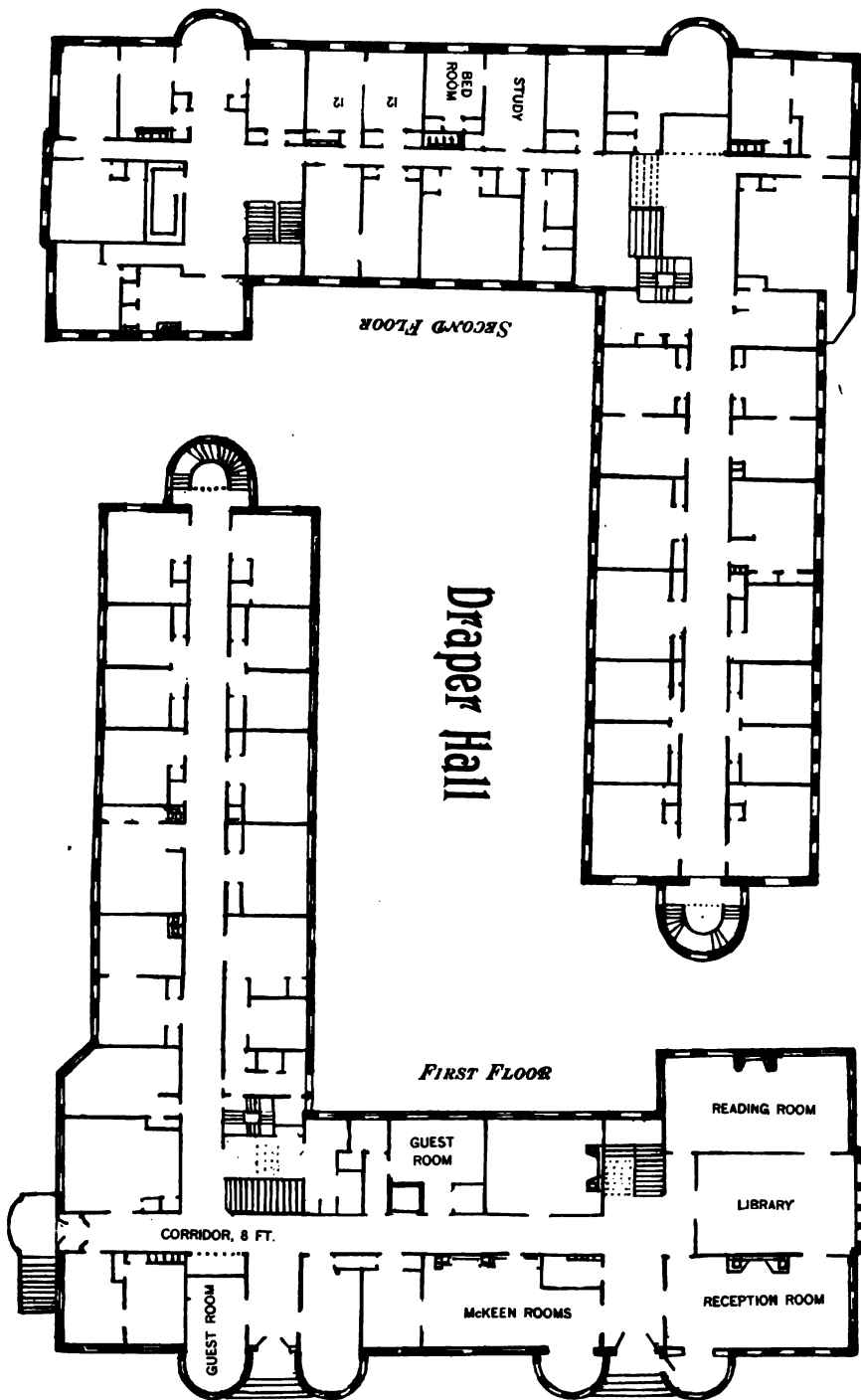
To contemplate our once beautiful grounds, now brought no alleviation to our feelings. Materials for the new building were coming in; timber and brick had been piled up until a perfect Cheops had risen beside the old oak tree; sand heaps made foot-hills, and the level grounds were diversified by mortar-beds and the various properties known to carpenters and masons, while lower deeps were yawning in the uncovered cellars of Smith Hall and the Academy and South Hall. *Débris*, scattered everywhere, was a snare to unwary feet, so that a scene simply lugubrious by day, was positively dangerous in the dark; our friends dreaded to enter the grounds, and horses were frightened by the new complications; Miss Merrill and her French family at Davis Hall and we, at Smith Hall, were absolutely separated after night-fall.

Telegrams were coming from fathers to daughters "Unless nuisances are immediately abated, come home."

But they did not go; the experience of those two years was a severe and satisfactory test of the cohesive power of the school; it was plain that vitality was strong in old Abbot; but the memory of it is like a nightmare.

The constant growth of the new building was a powerful magnet. There is a fascination in watching the growth of a plant, or a tree, or a child; it was hard to study while our new house was going up; but it was useful to observe that it was simply by laying one brick upon another that the plan was completed, and that the wondrous whole was but an evolution from the hods of the masons.

In the summer of 1889 the third story was well under weigh in the hands of forty-two masons and twelve carpenters. The building is of brick with brown stone and terra-cotta trimmings, with a frontage of 156 feet and a depth in the L of 166 feet. It is three stories in the front, and four in the rear, besides the story directly beneath the roof, which could accommodate a fine suite of studios and good rooms for the servants.



V.

At length the time came when we could see in the near distance a finished building with unfurnished rooms. It was the first vacation which I had ever spent in Andover and was given to the preparation of the new house for occupancy in the fall. Many sleepless, wearisome nights were spent in turning over and over the question of ways and means of furnishing; room after room passed in melancholy procession before me, and I could only commit the problem to Him who had hitherto helped us, — and He solved it. I soon found that I had only to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, as I will by and by relate.

It was estimated that one hundred dollars would furnish a young lady's room suitably to convenience and taste. Mr. Draper authorized me to select and order, limited by that price, the furniture for the rooms of pupils. I invited Miss Lina Kimball, and Miss Maria S. Merrill and Miss Jane L. Greeley, matron and teachers in the school, to go with me to Boston, that the school might have the benefit of our united wisdom and taste.

The chamber furniture which we selected for Draper Hall is oak and consists of a bureau with mirror, a commode, a table, two chairs with flag seats, an iron bedstead painted white, for each pupil, and a rattan couch for each room. Where two persons occupy a suite, the chamber-set is duplicated, as is also the toilet-set, except in another color, or design, that each may confine herself to her own things and be responsible for the use of them. Each occupant has her own clothes-press and thus independence, self-respect and recognition of the rights of property are cultivated. Toward furnishing rooms, one hundred dollars each, were given by

Mrs. Sarah E. Warren Mason, '41, Mr. Charles B. Botsford, Mrs. Ellen A. Frost Greeley, '68, and by several classes of graduates.

The SENIORS' ROOM, a distinction and prerogative for the first time conferred upon them, was gratefully cared for by past graduates; the class of '90 gave the handsome library table and couch and large chair; the class of '91 furnished the fireplace; the class of '92 gave two of Fra Angelico's angels, reproduced in colors by the Arundel Society.

A handsome cabinet for large and costly art books, whose shelves are lined with plush and work like drawers, was built by Turner, of Boston, for the particular place which it occupies in the Seniors' Room and is the gift of Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler, '60, and Miss Floretta E. Vining, '67.

To Mrs. Sarah Barrows Dummer, '67, we are indebted for the decoration of the walls and the ceiling of the Seniors' Room.

The READING ROOM was supplied with library tables and chairs and furniture for the fireplace, by the class of '81; a desk was given by the class of '82; and a large and valuable rug was given by Mrs. Henry B. F. Macfarland — "Daisy Douglass" — class of '77, of Washington.

Towards founding the "Jackson Memorial Library," which has place in the Reading Room, various friends contributed one hundred and fifteen dollars; Mrs. George W. Coburn gave one thousand dollars, and Mrs. John Byers one thousand dollars; these two ladies also gave a handsome book-case bearing the honored names of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Jackson.

THE LIBRARY. Ladies of the November Club gave the handsome furniture of this room. A complete set of the works of Carlyle was presented by Estes and Lauriat; Webster's Unabridged Dictionary for 1890 was given by



MASON DRAWING-ROOM

the publishers, and Webster's Unabridged International Dictionary was given by Mrs. Rev. George R. W. Scott,—Mary E. Dow, class of '61.

From the class of '91, came "Makers of Florence," by Mrs. Oliphant; Justi's "Velasquez and his Times," "Reynard the Fox," illustrated by Kaulbach, and "Our National Cathedrals" in three volumes. Inkstands for the library and reading-room, were provided by Mr. John N. Cole and Mrs. E. A. Park. Mr. W. F. Draper presented to the library a complete set of the books published by himself. A large, panoramic view of Jerusalem, framed, was given by Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Selah Merrill, and a valuable oriental rug has since been given to the library, by Mrs. W. W. Mead, (Harriet N. Childs, '76), of Adana, Turkey.

The TRUSTEES' ROOM was furnished, and the walls and ceiling were decorated, by the liberality of Mr. Edward Taylor; the writing-service and waste-basket for that room were given by Mrs. Mary Ann Richards.

A mail-box, specially made for Draper Hall, was given by Patrick J. Dwane.

The suite of MUSIC ROOMS was the gift of Mrs. Abigail Lamson Olney, of Cleveland, Ohio, who sent me two thousand dollars, requesting that a memorial of some kind should be erected to her foster-daughter, Lilian E. Holbrook, '76, and that I should suggest some forms which it might take. From the list which I sent her, she selected a suite of sound-proof music rooms, similar in principle to one which I had seen in a school in London, giving as a reason for her choice, that the improvement which her daughter made in music in Abbot, under the instruction of Mr. S. M. Downs, was so remarkable, that it was fitting it should be specially remembered. Thus the memorial is a tribute to Mr. Downs as well as to Lilian E. Holbrook, whose name is inscribed over the entrance to the suite, and to the liberality and af-

fection of her foster-mother. A life-size crayon portrait of Lilian, a gift from the same hand, hangs upon a wall within.

The suite consists of eleven small piano rooms, surrounding a large, central room, in which stand two pianos, a grand and an upright, both gifts of Mr. Downs, who occupies this room for his teaching. The walls, ceilings, and floors of these rooms are padded with mineral wool, and furnished with such air-spaces as to render them non-conductors of sound; every door has its double and thus completes the isolation of the room; the school owns twelve pianos, two grands and eight uprights, all from the manufactories of Mason and Hamlin, or Chickering, and the arrangements are most satisfactory.

A number of Virgil's Practice Claviers more recently introduced, are valuable aids to practice.

Mr. G. W. McDuffee of Keene, N. H., presented Draper Hall with ten verandah chairs. A clock for the dining-room was given by the class of '84. Rubber tips for the chairs in the dining-room, library and reading-room, were provided by Mr. H. H. Tyer.

A GUEST ROOM was the gift of Mrs. James B. Smith, whose liberal thought and refined taste decorated the ceiling and walls and provided dainty white furniture, with harmonious draperies and welcome, home-like comforts.

THE MEMORIAL GUEST ROOM is the gift of Mrs. John Phelps Taylor in memory of her niece and namesake, Antoinette Hall Knevals, of New York. It is richly furnished in mahogany, not only in the regulation set, but luxuriously, with easy chairs, cheval glass and writing desk, with portieres and lace draperies, with rich toilet fancies, and drawers well stocked for future needs.

I deem it fitting to give the following correspondence a permanent record :

DEAR MISS McKEEN :

My labor of love is ended. Herewith, I deliver to you and to Abbot Academy, the furnishing of the "Memorial Guest Room" in Draper Hall. I should like to have the gift entered upon the records of the Academy, as from myself and my family, in memory of my niece and namesake, Antoinette Hall Knevals, who died in New York, February 25, 1883. She was but nineteen, and it seems fitting, as well as sweet to me, that her home name should, in this way, be given into the care and keeping of the young girls who come after her. May their lives be as gracious, their presence be as gentle and loving, and their hopes be as glorious, when this life is fading away, as were hers.

Most sincerely yours,

ANTOINETTE HALL TAYLOR.

ANDOVER, October, 1890.

[REPLY.]

MY DEAR MRS. TAYLOR :

The Clerk of the Trustees will, of course, communicate to you official acknowledgment of your benefaction to Abbot Academy.

But I cannot deny myself the pleasure of expressing our high appreciation of your beautiful gift ; a gift which witnesses to lavish expenditure, not only of money, but of time and strength, of loving thought and exquisite taste. Each detail testifies that you have loved your neighbor as yourself. We thank you for leaving this touching tribute to your niece in our care ; be assured that the memory of Antoinette Hall Knevals will be a precious treasure in Draper Hall and that the story of her short, beautiful life, will quicken and refine other young lives lived here.

And, dear Mrs. Taylor, we hold it to be a happy coincidence, that the memorial name so skillfully carved in the canopy is your own name, which will be held in loving, grateful remembrance in Abbot Academy.

Sincerely yours,

PHILENA McKEEN.

October 15, 1890.

A picture was given to this memorial room by a friend and schoolmate of Antoinette Knevals,—Miss Welsh, now Mrs. Marcus Morton.

A large picture of asters painted in oil in the open air in Venice, by Emily Selinger of Boston, was presented to the Memorial Guest Room by Mrs. Taylor's sister, Mrs. Adelaide Hall Hotchkiss of New Haven, Connecticut, who also left a bequest of six hundred dollars for this room.

THE GUESTS' ENTRANCE was furnished by the liberality of Mrs. Frederic S. Newcomb,—Hattie W. Chapelle of the class of '76, of New London, Connecticut, who also assumed the expense of decorating the walls and ceilings; the frieze was designed by Miss Emily A. Means. Nothing was wanting in this handsome entrance, except rugs, which immediately became my consuming ambition. I wrote to Dr. O. D. Cheney¹ of Haverhill, a good friend of the school, asking him to give us his lecture upon the Passion Play at Oberammergau, without charge except for expenses, which he kindly did; the proceeds from this, with gifts of money from two other friends, procured the two handsome rugs, worth seventy-eight dollars, which complete the furnishing of the guests' entrance.

Mr. William H. M. Wadhams, then a member of Phillips Academy, asked if a present to the new building from the young men in that school would be acceptable, saying he had noticed gifts from Abbot to Phillips, upon the opening of their Academy Building and again at their Centennial Celebration. I told him of the beautiful bronze vase which they gave Abbot at her Semi-centennial, and assured him that his proposition was most agreeable. It was decided that a *clock* would be a perfect choice; whereupon Mr. Wadhams brought the subject before the school and the result was the fine clock which stands upon the broad landing of the south staircase. It was purchased at the estab-

¹ Dr. O. D. Cheney died October 28, 1896.

lishment of Shreve, Crump and Low, and is what is known as an English hall-clock; it was made in London, and is seven feet and nine inches high, and twenty-three inches wide; it strikes the hours and half-hours, and the tone of its cathedral bell is like that of "Big Ben" on St. Paul's Church, London; the dial is of silver and gilt, with gilt figures of Arabic design. It is so arranged as to indicate the days of the month, and the moon, which moves upon an azure background, shows its different phases by the alternate figures above it. The case is solid mahogany, beautifully carved and polished, with fluted side columns and plate glass front, through which can be seen the swinging pendulum and weights of polished brass. Upon the front of the clock is a heavy brass plate bearing the inscription —

PHILLIPS ACADEMY TO ABBOT ACADEMY
1891.

Nothing could have been presented which would have so entered into the daily life of the school and, at the same time, have been so enduring. The most intimate associations will gather about it, and a century hence it will tell its story of neighborly kindness as plainly as to-day.

THE PUBLIC RECEPTION ROOM was a stupendous challenge to faith and taste and reason; it is very large, and had white plaster walls, and had little promise of furniture beyond the bare necessities of such a room, till the uncertain time in the future when the treasury should allow of something befitting the place.

In the midst of our quandary, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer B. Mason asked to be allowed the entire charge of the finishing and furnishing of that great room! A high panelled ash wainscoting decorates the lower part of the walls; the space between the wainscoting and the frieze, the frieze itself, and the ceiling, were all beautifully and harmoniously tinted in varied coloring; a large handsome fireplace was built; the

plain windows which separated the bay from the great room were exchanged for cathedral glass; the broad expanse of floor was richly carpeted in Brussels and furniture was generously selected, limited only by exquisite taste; the delicately tinted window shades sent through the Brussels lace a rosy glow which filled the room and welcomed the coming guest. It looks like a parlor in an elegant city house; but through the lavish munificence of these friends it belongs to Abbot Academy and is no longer called the Public Reception Room but the MASON DRAWING ROOM.

A fine clock of Algerian onyx was placed upon the mantel in this room by the class of '86 and lovely roses in water color, painted and presented by Miss Helen A. Pressey of the class of '67, hang upon a wall.

The white plaster in the Reading Room was unsightly, notwithstanding beautiful furnishings, and Mrs. George W. Coburn came to our relief, paying for wall painting, and Mr. E. J. Rowe of Andover gave the decorations upon the ceiling. We are also indebted to Mr. E. H. Barnard for painting elsewhere in the building.

Mention should be made of the helpfulness of several of the firms in Boston with whom we had dealings in furnishing Draper Hall; particularly of Heywood Brothers & Co., the Abram French Co., T. J. Whitney & Co., the Joel Goldthwait Co., Torrey, Bright & Capen, Henry A. Turner & Co., and Arthur Williams, Jr. & Co.

As one enters the Guests' vestibule, he may see over the door at the left, an oaken panel upon which is carved

"McKEEN ROOMS."

The pleasant thought of having the suite of rooms in Draper Hall which were allotted to the Principal of the school, finished with distinguished elegance and made a memorial to myself and my sister Phebe Fuller McKeen,



THE MCKEEN ROOMS



probably originated with Miss Jennie Lincoln Greeley and Miss Abby F. Mitchell, who assumed not only the initiative, but also the execution of the movement. I knew nothing of it till it was well advanced; my first feeling was one of fear that friends were burdening themselves too much. But I was assured that the subject was presented only to those who had been associated with me as teachers, pupils, or matrons in Abbot Academy, and that no one was solicited, but was simply informed of the project and the opportunity; that it had been eagerly embraced, and that twelve hundred and fifty dollars had already been given.

The description of the McKeen Rooms given by Mr. Richardson, one of the firm of architects employed is this; "The design is in a quiet phase of the Byzantine Romanesque; the principal decoration is the brick panel in the mantel; the wood-work is quartered oak; a room, though large, should be cosy in effect, when it is the Principal's parlor; at least, so it seemed to us, and we have sought to give it such an atmosphere. The 'brick panel' referred to, is richly sculptured over the mantel to represent 'Search for Truth;' at the left, in a medallion, is a woman bending to lift a number of books already too heavy for her, indicating the impossibility of appropriating all knowledge; at the right, the medallion shows a monk poring over a parchment 'in search of light; in the centre of this mantel is cut in the same *bas relief*, a classic lamp, brightly burning and standing upon a closed book; thus indicating that though we grope in ignorance, there is light, and that it comes from the Book. The Byzantine handle further suggests that light, material, intellectual, and moral, has come to us from the East. In a circle about this central group of the lamp and the book, are the names, PHILENA AND PHEBE McKEEN."

The fireplace is a round arch for which a complete set of brass was given by Mrs. Professor E. A. Park, and her daughter, Miss Agnes Park. An antique oak desk was placed in the bay of the room, by Mrs. Henrietta Learoyd

Sperry and Miss Mary Spalding, both of '68. The bed-room of the suite was furnished by Mrs. Dr. O. D. Cheney,—Sarah Hunking, class of '66,—who gave ninety dollars for that purpose.

I was deeply touched by these manifestations of the love of my dear pupils and associates, and was humbly very happy. A few months later, the gift was acknowledged by the following letter :

To the Donors of the "McKeen Rooms,"

DEAR FRIENDS:—Since September, I have been living in your beautiful suite, and have constantly rejoiced in the elegance, solidity and permanence of its architecture, and have rested in the soft harmony of its color; more than all, I have had great peace in the assurance that it was the cheerful gift of friends whose love is very precious to me.

To-day the list of your names was put into my hands, and now they seem written upon these oaken panels, and from Maine to California, from Oregon to Louisiana, and from England and Japan, your voices seem calling to me.

I wish you could see the rooms which you have built, as I can see you in them. Will you linger in the sunny bay as you enter, or with the books in the wall cases in the middle of the room, or still farther on, will you take one of the cozy seats built at the ends of the hearthstone, and enjoy the bright fire in the large fireplace? Wherever you are, my sister's eyes will follow you with a glad welcome as she looks out from her speaking portrait upon an easel, midway of the room. Let us sit and talk of the dear old times and of the wonderful ways, by which we have been led up to the riper experience and richer happiness of to-day.

Words cannot express my grateful appreciation of this expression of your kind memories of school life, and of your faithful friendship for my sister and myself. Proud as we might justly be of your noble Memorial Rooms, "What," after all, "is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing?"

"Ye are our glory and joy."

Faithfully and gratefully yours,

PHILENA MCKEEN.

THE MCKEEN ROOMS, DRAPER HALL,
January 1, 1891.



MEMORIAL FIRE PLACE, MCKEEN ROOMS

VI

PROGRESS in the new building was much more rapid than in the grounds; gradually the temporary mounds were levelled, the cellars were filled, and grading was begun. Mr. and Mrs. George Ripley gave a great impulse to the work by their generous additional contribution of three thousand dollars. Everywhere, in the house and out of it, work was pushed, but when it became evident that we could not be ready to receive pupils at the usual date for the opening of the school year, the following announcement was sent to every applicant:

ANDOVER, MASS, September 1, 1890.

The Trustees of Abbot Academy have decided to postpone the opening of the Fall Term to Thursday, September eighteenth. Rooms will be ready for occupancy, Wednesday, September the seventeenth. Applicants who find it impossible to delay entering beyond the eleventh, are requested to communicate with the Principal.

Per order of the Trustees,

PHILENA McKEEN, Principal.

Meanwhile, we moved into the building and quietly began house-keeping and making ready for the announced date. Some of us will never forget the rainy evening on which we left Smith Hall to take up our abode in the new home. Misses Lina Kimball, Mitchell, Schiefferdecker and I, accompanied by Joanna, Bridget and Patrick with his lantern, made a somewhat solemn, though picturesque, procession.

As we four ladies met in the big dining-room for our first meal in the new house, which had so long existed only in our sleeping or waking dreams, our hearts were too full for the spoken word of thanksgiving. Our tea over and the house safely locked, we escorted each other to our respective

apartments for the first sleep in the new house, but were soon startled by the tread of a man's feet through the corridor; each rushed to her door and was amused, notwithstanding her fright, to see all the others looking out;—looking out to see watchful Mr. Draper, who had been so startled by lights in Draper Hall, that in the use of his own key he had come over to investigate.

On the seventeenth of September, 1890, rejoicing teachers and happy girls took possession of their rooms, and the old life was gaily resumed; the distances to be covered in going about the house were long, but pride and gladness winged our feet.

For various reasons, the more formal opening of the building was delayed until January, when the following invitation was sent to one thousand persons:

“The Trustees of Abbot Academy take pleasure in announcing to you that Draper Hall will be open to donors and other friends, on Wednesday, January the twenty-first, from two to six o'clock in the afternoon. You are cordially invited to be present at this ‘House-warming.’
ANDOVER, MASS., 1891.”

“Every arrangement for the occasion was perfect; probably fully half the number invited were here. But, before the hour for the reception, our family, the Trustees and such friends as were entertained in the house, came to the library and drawing-room, for a dedicatory service. Professor Churchill read from Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, and offered a simple, tender prayer; he remembered not only those still with us, but all those who had gone into the realm of light, who had aided by a sympathizing thought, or a helping hand in the realization of our purposes. He prayed that the names of those who had given the name to the building, might be a blessing and an inspiration to all who devised liberal things through all ages, and that the blessing of heaven, in the future, as in the past, might rest upon this old and venerated school.

Behind Professor Churchill's melodious tones, behind even his felicitously chosen words, was the influence of his long connection with the struggles and successes of Abbot Academy." Quoting further from the same writer¹: "Near Professor Churchill were several of his brother Trustees, Hon. George L. Davis, Rev. E. G. Porter, Mr. Mortimer B. Mason, Mr. Arthur S. Johnson, Mr. Horace H. Tyer, and Mr. Warren F. Draper. The absence of Professor E. A. Park, the President of the board for many years, was much regretted.

Then, in the great, elegant drawing-room, began the welcoming of guests. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer B. Mason received for the Trustees, while Miss Emily A. Means and Miss Agnes Park performed the same function for the Alumnae Association. Just across the fine vestibule, Miss McKeen, with Mrs. J. W. Churchill, received in the beautiful McKeen Rooms. Mr. and Mrs. Draper were near, and to them every person was presented and congratulations were showered upon them.

Numerous gifts of costly flowers came from Mrs. Joseph H. White of Brookline, and other friends in all parts of the country, and the air was perfumed by lilies and roses. Mr. Horace H. Tyer, a trustee, provided the general decorations; the elegant palms and stately dracemas which were artistically grouped in advantageous situations; he, likewise, gave the lovely, abundant and delicate flowers in the dining-room. Mr. Tyer's charming gift was arranged by Mr. George D. Millett. Mr. George Piddington brought from his own stock, handsome plants of yellow genista and waving acacias, and made a graceful mound at the side of the stairway, immediately in front of the door by which the guests entered. Upon the elegant highly polished antique oak table in the Seniors' parlor, was a cut-glass bowl of red and white carnations, the class flower of '91.

¹Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs, in the *Andover Townsman* of January 23, 1891.

The young ladies of the house acted as ushers, presenting each individual to those receiving, and then consigning them to other ushers who conducted them, in a prescribed order, over the building. To a necessarily vague and oftentimes confusing duty, these young ladies brought such courtesy, charm, and clear-headedness, that we cannot refrain from this public acknowledgment. If young ladies are always charming, they are not always clear-headed; but when they are both, may we not look for the millennial dawn? In regular order then, up stairs and down stairs and into my ladies' parlors went the fortunate guests.

The Art Rooms at the top of the house, where are the oil, modeling, water color and free-hand studios, excited much admiration: to the floor below, where Mr. Downs has music-rooms to his heart's content; guests were shown some of the young ladies' rooms; the distinctive feature of the building is one room for each pupil. This is secured in three different ways: first, a parlor opening into a bed-room of equal size, where are two single beds; second, a large parlor, with a large alcove, where two single beds may be placed,—the alcove being closed by curtains; and third, a smaller room for one person, with bed conveniently screened; the new furniture is as convenient and tasteful as could be desired.

The dining-room upon the floor below the other public rooms, was not forgotten by the attentive conductors. It is forty-three feet by forty, and is reached from all of the floors of the building, by a winding staircase in the round tower; its charms were heightened that day, by the dainty lunch served during the whole time of the reception. Two of the faculty had charge of this portion of the entertainment, and, with their corps of quick-sighted, deft-handed young ladies, rendered it a delightful spot. Many compliments were heard upon the setting-out of the lunch; its delicate flowers, its beautiful china, the excellence of the coffee, and the delicious cakes and ices; the caterer was Mr. Tanner of Haverhill.

Prominent people, both resident and non-resident, were noticed by the score. Letters of regret, accompanied by hearty personal congratulations, were received from Professor Young of Princeton, Mrs. H. F. Durant, ex-Governor and Mrs. Claflin, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mrs. Joseph Cook, Dr. and Mrs. McKenzie, Rev. Dr. George Field of Bangor, Miss Julia E. Ward, a former principal of Mount Holyoke, and a large number of old scholars."

Our "House warming" had been a superb success; the evening found us proud and happy in our new possessions, grateful for our many friends, stimulated by their congratulations and sympathy and especially were we ready for new consecration of ourselves and our beautiful house and of the dear old school to Him who had so crowned the day.

SMITH HALL.

While the efforts which have been described were being made for the new building, a quiet, ever-broadening scheme was bringing in funds, which, it was fondly hoped, would be sufficient to build a French-speaking Hall. Indeed, as it was explained, such a result seemed inevitable; as sure as mathematics were mathematics and logic was logic.

As I was never able to understand this mystery, I asked Miss Maria S. Merrill who inaugurated the scheme in behalf of Abbot Academy to furnish an account of it which should answer the following questions:

What was the A B C Scheme?

What was the reason of its only partial success with us?

How much money was collected through it?

What became of it?

Miss Merrill kindly responded as follows:

"The A B C Scheme, by which it was hoped to raise money enough to build a French Hall, was adapted to that end after a model which had crossed the seas from

Ireland, and which was attempted by an Irish rector to raise money to build a parish House. Whether he was the originator of the scheme, I do not know.

In the French Hall scheme there was one girl, an A who chose eight Bs ; each B chose four Cs, and so on to H. Each of these was to give ten cents, but the Hs were to get, or give, one dollar, passing the sums back, through the chain to A.

By our scheme, if it had been successful, over thirty thousand dollars would have been raised. At that time, however, everybody seemed to be using a like scheme for everything imaginable in the way of "a worthy object." Again, it involved interesting so many individuals, that the plan became unwieldy.

Over one thousand dollars were raised and the first sum was deposited in the Andover Savings Bank, October, 1888. In 1891, the elegance of Draper Hall made Smith Hall look so inferior, both in point of convenience and of beauty, that it seemed necessary to do something towards the improvement of the house, which would undoubtedly be the French Hall for many years.

The question arose as to the propriety and legality of using some, or all, of the French Hall Building Fund to this end, for all of the energies and funds were engrossed by the new building. An eminent Judge assured the Treasurer of the French Hall Building Fund that it would not be a perversion of the trust to apply to the improvement of Smith Hall money given for a new house, as the sums already given were inadequate to that end. Moreover, it would be, in a way, fulfilling the purpose for which the money was given. Evidently, the numerous donors could not be consulted ; the lawyer's advice was accepted and acted upon in the following manner :

The Smith Hall parlors were re-plastered, papered, and painted ; new carpets and new furniture were bought, and thus were these two rooms greatly improved.

Better still, the entrance hall was made hospitable and homelike, by removing the old flights of stairs and building one handsome staircase, beyond the dining-room door. The long, dark passage, past the music-room, was made light, by taking out a partition and carrying the passage to the end window. The halls were papered and painted throughout; comfortable chairs replaced those long used ones in the dining-room; three handsome lamps and many window shades were bought.

The suite opposite the public parlors, so long Miss McKeen's rooms, were re-carpeted and are now occupied by the teacher in charge of the house. The expense of all this was eleven hundred and forty-five dollars and fifty-eight cents, and it seems to be a wise investment.

No money has come in for several years, but a small nucleus still remains in the bank;—a French Hall Building Fund; who will add to it?"

In addition to Miss Merrill's interesting account of improvements at Smith Hall, it should be stated that every room in the house was freshened by paper and paint and that the old arrangements for lodging room were replaced by single white iron bedsteads, and that, with two exceptions, each room has a single occupant, who, of course, has the sole use of the bureau, mirror, toilet-set, and clothes-press. In this respect, she is as well provided for, as her fellow-pupils at Draper Hall.

Great care should be taken by the friends of the Academy that Smith Hall is kept fresh and attractive. Those who have gifts would do the school a greater favor by making Smith Hall, rather than Draper Hall, the recipient for some time to come. In some respects, life there is more advantageous than in the larger house; the smaller family brings teachers and pupils into true home relations where personality is felt. The opportunity to learn to speak the French language can hardly be over-estimated. The school is singularly fortunate in having had Miss Maria S. Merrill

at the head of the French department and of the French-speaking family, for so many years.

Having seen our family in both departments, so comfortably situated and so well equipped for work, let us take a broader survey of the period which we are considering, and note changes which have come to the Board of Trustees, to the Faculty, to Matrons and to Old Scholars.

Let us inquire whether the school has held by her traditions and made good her rich promise, and whether she still enjoys the friendly sympathy of her constituency.



Edwards A. Park.

VII.

1879-1892.

DURING this period many changes have occurred upon the Board of Trust.

Rev. W. H. Wilcox, D. D., who was appointed in 1879, resigned in '82.

Mr. James H. White, who was elected in 1882, gave unremitting service for four years and then resigned. Mr. White was directly descended from Peregrine White, the first child born to the Pilgrims after their arrival off the Massachusetts coast, and possessed many of the rugged virtues characteristic of his ancestry. After his resignation at Abbot Academy, for nine years he was treasurer of Williams College. He died at Williamstown, Mass., September 8, 1895.

Rev. Professor Egbert C. Smyth, D. D., came upon the board in 1870, and served most usefully for eighteen years, when, under the force of extraordinary burdens in connection with his professorial office, he withdrew from this school. Whenever his judgment was personally sought he was sympathetic and wise, and the memory of his prayers for the outgoing graduates, to whom he sometimes presented their diplomas, will be gratefully cherished.

Rev. Francis H. Johnson was elected a trustee in 1879, our Semi-Centennial year, and was immediately put upon the "Central Committee" to inaugurate and execute plans for that great historical occasion. At the end of fourteen years he resigned his trusteeship.

The Board has suffered severely from the death of four of its members: Mr. Peter Smith, Mr. George L. Davis, Mr. John Byers, and Mr. George W. Coburn.

Mr. Peter Smith served as trustee at two periods somewhat removed; the first from 1849-'59, and the second from 1870-'80. Within the earlier dates, he and his brother, Mr. John Smith, so identified themselves with the building of Smith Hall that it still gratefully memorializes their name.

Mr. Peter Smith was born in Brechin, Scotland, September, 1802: he came to Andover in 1825, and died July 6, 1880, leaving a record of great business success, large benevolence, and high Christian living. For a particular statement of Mr. Smith's gifts to the school, the reader is referred to the History of Abbot Academy.

The connection of Mr. George L. Davis with this school from 1859 to '91, was, lacking one year, parallel with that of Miss McKeen. His great sympathetic heart, the buoyancy of his hopefulness, and his readiness to help, made him a strong tower to which we could run in any emergency. When, in the preparation of the manuscript of the History of Abbot Academy, the statement of \$6,641 as the sum total of his benefactions was submitted to Mr. Davis for verification, he said, "Oh no, I haven't given so much;" after examination of the items, he said it must be right, but remarked that he had given up the practice of keeping an account of what he gave away, as he did not like the influence of it upon his own mind; adding that he had always regretted that he allowed the Trustees to call one of the houses by his name.¹

When the time came for building a new house, Mr. Davis headed the subscriptions of the trustees with five thousand dollars. Four years after, at the house-warming, as Professor Churchill led in a simple, beautiful service of dedication, great tears of happiness fell fast over Mr. Davis' beaming face.

He understood the best perquisite of trusteeship to be the opportunity it gives a man of doing good: consequently, through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, young ladies

¹ For statement of these gifts, see History of Abbot Academy.

in the school whose health was weakening, were sometimes taken to their house and built up by skilful nursing. As a term drew near its close, Mrs. Davis often sought out pupils who were far from home and invited them to spend the vacation under her hospitable and cheery roof; many old scholars, now widely scattered, remember with lively gratitude the friendly home in North Andover.¹

George Lucian Davis, eldest son of Jonathan and Betsey Gilbert Davis, was born in Oxford, Mass., June 17, 1816. In 1835 he entered into business relations, which eventually became widely known as the Davis and Furber Machine Company of North Andover. He died December 23, 1891, aged 75 years.

Mr. John Byers was elected to the board of trustees in 1884, and entered upon his duties with characteristic energy and generosity; but, after four years, he was called to nobler trusts above. Mr. Byers was born August 20, 1831, in Brechin, Scotland. When five years old, he came to Andover with his parents; at eighteen years of age, he was employed by Parker, Wilder and Company, Commission Merchants, Boston; in 1861, he established a branch house in New York, and, finally, became the head of the firm, Parker, Wilder and Company, Boston and New York. His business was conducted on the highest ethical principles; his fine social qualities, his large benevolence and his Christian loyalty, gave him a powerful magnetism which was itself a consecrated gift.

He died in Andover, September 1, 1888, aged fifty-seven years.

Two years later the governing Board suffered further loss in the death of Mr. George W. Coburn, who had been connected with it twenty years, from 1870-'90. Mr. Coburn left a permanent reminder of himself in the valuable collection of shells which he and Mr. Rufus S. Frost presented to

¹ Mrs. Harriet K. Roberts Davis was born December 7, 1821, and died March 8, 1889.

the school. The interesting story of it is given in the History of Abbot Academy, pages 63 and 78.

Mr. Coburn was born in Ipswich, Mass., October 10, 1829, and died in Boston, April 2, 1890.

From time to time new life has been grafted upon the Executive Board by the election of Mr. Mortimer B. Mason in 1887, Mr. Horace H. Tyer and Mr. Arthur S. Johnson in 1890, and Prof. John Phelps Taylor and Mrs. Frances Kimball Harlow and Mrs. Henrietta Learoyd Sperry in 1892. These came bringing rich additions of material good and of practical wisdom, of experience and hope and courage. The admission of women to the board had long been desired by the Alumnae Association and other friends of the school, and its accomplishment is rightly hailed as marking real advance. Next to the office of mother, it would be difficult to find a more fitting place for woman than that of Director in the education of young girls. We hail this new era in co-administration in the board of trust in Abbot Academy.

The trustees were ideally happy in their choice. Mrs. Henrietta Learoyd Sperry was graduated with honor from Abbot Academy in 1868, and taught there from 1869 to 1872 and '78; and was acting Principal during the absence of Miss McKeen and Miss Phebe in Europe. Her life still moves on in educational lines, her husband, Rev. Willard G. Sperry, D.D., being the President of Olivet College, Michigan.

Mrs. Frances A. Kimball Harlow was a very valuable and popular teacher in Abbot Academy in 1873 and again from '78 to '88, when she married Hon. John M. Harlow, M. D. of Woburn, Mass.



Phoebe F. M. Kline

VIII.

IN MEMORIAM.

DURING the period covered by this history, several who were closely connected with the school entered into their eternal rest. A grateful, though necessarily inadequate, record of some of them shall have place here, according to the date of death.

At the expressed desire of several friends, the sketch of my sister Phebe Fuller McKeen, written by ¹Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs, is appropriately introduced here, that this just and loving tribute may have a more enduring memorial.

MISS PHEBE FULLER MCKEEN.

“In one of the reviews of the History of Abbot Academy by Miss McKeen and Miss Phebe F. McKeen I find this sentence, as true as it is appreciative: ‘Fortunate as this history is in its authorship, it is unfortunate in that the authors have not been able to describe themselves as they have described others. A complete history of Abbot Academy would be the personal memoirs of two women for more than twenty years.’ But before the book under consideration had gone into the world, one of the gifted women and admirable teachers whose names honor its title-page had passed to even nobler work and intenser enjoyment in the Heavenly Father’s home.

We may not speak, though it be in all love and reverence of Miss McKeen, who is still left to bless us; but surely out of the fullness of our aching hearts we may set down what Miss Phebe has been to us these many years,—what she

¹See “In Memoriam, Phebe Fuller McKeen.” Published for the Alumnae Association of Abbot Academy, November, 1880.

still is, indeed ; for such as she never die. The influence of our friends upon us is as varied as their personality. Some are quiet and restful, some pleasant and gracious, others tender and sympathetic, and, once in a while, rarer than all the rest, there are those who stimulate and urge us onward, not only by word and deed, but simply because they are themselves. Of these last was Miss Phebe. How much she helped us she never knew ; indeed, we had no idea of it ourselves until we had gone out from her immediate presence : but none the less grateful were we to her then than now. If it was not possible for her to understand it while she still walked in our paths and sat with us at our household board, let us hope that her soul is cheered now by full comprehension of the fact. The main events of her busy, happy life are familiar to us all ; but it is pleasant and profitable to dwell a little upon its details, and note how each and all helped to fit her for the work she was to do, and make her the sweet, noble woman we loved and trusted so entirely.

Born in the little village of Bradford, Vermont, in July, 1831, the youngest of a family of seven children, her imagination was early stimulated by the knowledge that her blood was of the old heroic Protestant stock, which had endured unterrified, hunger, starvation, and even death, at the siege of Derry ; for her father, Rev. Silas McKeen, D.D., was the great-grandson of James McKeen, who in the spring of 1719 left friends and country, and with the rest of the little Scotch colony from Ireland settled in what is now Londonderry, New Hampshire.

Professor Park says : 'The story of this household of the Rev. Silas McKeen is important as illustrating the influences of a rural parsonage in New England. It was a household of educators.' And with equal truth he might have added, a household where all were willing to be educated, and where just the right influences were brought to bear to educate rightly. Indeed, I recall no household excepting that of Brontë's where so intense an intellectual

life permeated the daily atmosphere. One of the group describing their father's methods with, and his influence upon them, says: 'As we drove through the woods, the forest trees were all introduced, and our father was not satisfied until we could call their names. Often alighting from the carriage, he would gather specimens of leaves and bark for us to compare at leisure; and we were sure before long to be called upon to recite a lesson from our green leaves. Many easy lessons among the stones, and in the laws of light and air, we learned in these charming drives. Frequently inanimate things served to remind him of human beings, and the trees and rocks gave him illustrations of character. So he would talk to them in a gay sprightly manner, as if they had ears and feelings, and thus he kept us wide awake to everything about us. Sometimes he would unexpectedly call upon my brother, or me, to make an address to a table, leafless tree, or clinging vine, and thus the faculty of extemporaneous speech was set instantly to work. He never allowed an ungrammatical expression to escape correction, and once in a while would reward a fortunate child with a certificate setting forth that its owner had not been heard for a specified time using an incorrect, or questionable sentence. When we had no company the dictionary often adorned the dining-table, so constantly were we obliged to refer to it for the meaning of a word or its pronunciation. At one time it was the custom to require a tax on food; that is, somebody was appointed to tell all about sugar, another where tea came from, and how it was prepared, and so on, until every article upon the table had been discussed. If any member of the family was from home, he insisted that all left behind should write in turn, even the smallest child having its hand held, but expressing its own thought. Consequently no one of them ever thought 'composition work' in after years the sad burden which it seems to most young people.'

We who knew Miss Phebe have no doubt it was a God-

fearing household as well; surely only in a home where duty was supreme and truth sacred could she have learned that high courage, that lofty scorn of cowardice and injustice, which so frequently flushed her cheek and kindled a noble fire in her brilliant eye. Then it was a household where self-denial was taught and practiced. Frugal the board and simple the raiment, but what matter since there was always sufficient for the friend and stranger, for the humblest wayfarer, and even for the dusky slave flying timorously through the welcome darkness to the protection which his own country failed to afford him in his sorest need. Remote and lonely the country parsonage may have seemed to the city traveller: but it was peopled by the best of books, and through them its dwellers held converse with the great and mighty, with those of the highest breeding, and the most honored among men in all ages and countries, and never afterwards felt themselves ill at ease however exalted their society.

It was likewise a pleasant as well as fortunate circumstance that the house was situated in a region of uncommon natural beauty; and many times has Miss Phebe described to me its grand view towards the mountains of New Hampshire when the setting sun flooded the sky with glory.

Reared thus in an atmosphere of good learning, and in an appreciation of beauty in art and nature, it is in no degree surprising that she early found herself the possessor of an originality of conception, and a facility of expression akin to those of her father, and, indeed, to those of the whole family; for every one of its members wrote as naturally as they talked, or slept. The father used to wake his daughters in the morning with an original couplet, and the one who would most readily give the corresponding rhymes was looked at with admiration by all the others.

She received her education mainly at the academy in Bradford, Vermont. It was an institution of the old fashioned sort, where all students who presented themselves

were received, and where pretty much everything was taught. If one may judge by her education, and by that of many other celebrated women who have come out of like institutions, they were not so very much below the far more loudly heralded ones of our day. Boys were fitted for college at this academy, and the girls kept step with them up to the very day they left for Dartmouth, Yale or Harvard.

Catherine, next older sister of Miss Phebe, prepared herself here, not only for the Freshman, but the Sophomore class at the first-named college. Without doubt it was here that Miss Phebe laid the foundation of that critical knowledge of Latin which made her the precise teacher who daily met her pupils in the recitation-room of Abbot Academy, and who possessed not only the rare power of looking through the details of the language to its principles, but the still rarer one of enabling others to do so, as well. Very early she began teaching, first in Haverhill, New Hampshire, then at Peacham, Vermont, at Mt. Holyoke, at Oxford, Ohio, and last, as well as far longer than at all the other places put together, at Abbot Academy.

All whose eyes fall upon these lines know what she was in the school-room. They need no reminder of her enthusiasm, her quick appreciation not only of the particular science, or author immediately under consideration; but of their efforts, no matter how feeble, to express the ideas and feelings called up in their own minds by the lesson, and how often they have gone out of the class amazed, encouraged, and, above all, grateful to Miss Phebe that she had opened their minds to the fact that they too were akin to the noble and gifted in the world of genius. I am sure it was the conviction of all that only the best must be brought to Miss Phebe. They never had any doubt but she brought her best to them. I remember one of the girls who had attended, by invitation, a club of which she was a highly valued member, and listened to an essay she had read, exclaimed, "O, wasn't Miss Phebe's article beautiful; but then, you see, she is just

as interesting, and talks just as beautifully, every day in our Literature class." But devoted as she was to her classes, she found time for society, writing, drawing, and even for the purely feminine tasks of knitting, sewing and embroidery. She once, with even more than her usual enthusiasm, alluded to the passage in "The Marble Faun," where Hawthorne lends all the charm of his magic pen to the homely art of sewing, and quoted: "Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew;" "only," she added, "I should say, I am sure of it, instead of 'methinks.'"

In society she was one of the most attractive women I have ever met. Her personal appearance always preposessed in her favor; for in our northern clime where faces if fair are colorless, hers had the glow and the brilliancy of Italy. Then growing interested in conversation, her vivacity and clever, quick humor captivated all within hearing of her voice. Eminently social, she delighted in games, charades, and intricate puzzles, while clever puns had for her even to the last that charm they often hold for quick, subtle intellects. She was keenly alive to the beauty inseparable from the large number of young, happy girls with whom she constantly lived. Sometimes it was the poise of the head, sometimes the sheen of the waving hair, the lovely smile, or the low, finely modulated voice, and though never dealing in compliments, all will bear me witness that the fortunate possessor of these great gifts knew well that not a single one escaped her discriminating admiration. Above all, how susceptible she was of a mental or moral beauty or grace! Did ever a good turn of a sentence escape her; much less a generous deed; or when did she ever fail of immediately taking in the whole plane, lofty or lowly, on which a girl was living?

During the years of her teaching at Mt. Holyoke, Oxford, and the later ones at Abbot Academy, she wrote frequently for the newspapers and magazines, under the name of Jenny

Bradford. All the sisters took the name of their native town as their family one, when they wrote for the press, identifying its different members by some favorite Christian name. During our civil war Miss Phebe wrote numerous articles relating to the soldiers, many of which were widely copied and highly prized.

The later time at Abbot Academy which she could devote to writing, was given to the three books published since 1872. One of these, "The Little Mother and her Christmas and Other Stories," had a large sale, and is even now the delight of the fortunate children who read it. And as for "Thornton Hall," how many are the pupils, not only of Abbot Academy, but of all the schools in the land, who have laughed and cried over it, and confessed that its writer knew girls better than they knew themselves!

'Theodora' found perhaps even a larger number of readers for its exquisite pictures of home and family life. Riding in a railway carriage this summer in England, its only other occupant, an intelligent looking young lady, began talking with me about books and authors. We spoke of Jean Ingelow's 'Off the Skelligs,' and 'Fated to be Free;' of Miss Phelps' 'Avis,' and many others. No allusion was made to my being an American, in fact I was not thus identified. By and by we came round to 'Little Women,' when suddenly she exclaimed, 'And there is another book I like very much, that is 'Theodora Cameron.'¹ It is so simple and natural, so well told, and has been such a help to me! I wish I knew something about the woman who wrote 'Theodora Cameron!'' How happy I was to tell her about our dear Miss Phebe, how she looked, talked and taught, and how much happier I thought I was going to be to repeat her warm words of praise with my own lips to the author! But that pleasure was not for me! Even before we thus talked together, Miss Phebe had gone where the 'well done,' with which the Master greeted her, had fully satisfied her yearning soul.

¹The title of the English edition.

In 1875 and '76 the crowning pleasure of her life came to her. With Miss McKeen, Dr. and Mrs. Bancroft of Concord, N. H., she passed a year travelling in Europe; a year of necessity fraught with the utmost benefit to a literary and artistic nature like hers. Although for a part of the time she was not even so well and strong as when she left us, she seemed to see everything, do everything, and go everywhere. As I went about the continent this season, many places of literary and historic interest were so full of memories of her that my heart ached in the midst of intensest enjoyment.

Italy, of all the countries she visited, took the strongest hold upon her. Partly this was because of her exceeding fondness for its grand history, its noble antique literature, as well as art, and partly because, spite of her Covenanting blood and her Puritan training, there was much in her own nature akin to the passionate character of the South. She admired the features and the bearing of the Italians; their soft, musical tongue was entrancing to her ear, and she saw everywhere, amid rags, dirt, and poverty, the majesty of old Rome, and the grandeur that would some time encompass a free and united Italy.

Always fond of little children, and keenly observant of their peculiarities and charms, the children in the streets of the Italian cities attracted her especially. As I have stood in crowded squares and market-places, I have often wondered why the dress, sports, and even voices of the small people were so familiar to me. Of course, I must have read about them, but where? Then it would come to me, with a flood of bitter recollection, that it was the remembrance of her memories!

And, alas, it was in this beloved Italy that she caught the cold from which it seemed to all who knew her best that she never fully recovered. Returning from Naples for a last look at Rome, she was exposed in a heavy rain, and found herself at Florence, overtaken and, for the time, at the mercy of her old enemy, hemorrhage of the lungs. Her

friends have always felt deeply thankful that at this critical time not only was her sister by her side, but that in her deeply attached travelling companions, Dr. and Mrs. Bancroft, she found the most skilful medical aid, and the wisest, tenderest care. To say that this sister, whose very life was bound up in hers,—to say that these loving friends, felt the deepest anxiety for her, is to say little. But not then, nor ever after, did she lose a jot of heart or hope. Her temperament was not only fearless, it was permeated by the highest kind of courage I ever met. She was so courageous she did not even recognize the danger that to all about her seemed to encompass her every step.

The weeks went by, she came home, did again her accustomed work, and took once more her usual place, and we too began to believe that she bore a charmed life. She threw her whole soul into the writing of her chapters of Abbot Academy, a work which never could have been written at all, had it not been for the unwearied effort, the perseverance, which no obstacles had any power to discourage, of herself and Miss McKeen. Then, with an eagerness and enthusiasm that kindled and sustained every wavering heart, she celebrated with us the Semi-Centennial of Abbot Academy, so unparalleled in its interest, so unrivalled in perfection of detail, and general excellence. I think we all remember how well she looked on that great day, how brilliant, how animated, as she took her place on the platform of the spacious tent, the intellectual peer of the noblest present.

Vacation followed swift on the Semi-Centennial; and it was passed with Miss McKeen among the mountains at Bethlehem, New Hampshire. She thought herself invigorated, and really improved, when she came back to us in the autumn of '79; but looking into her face, we could not forbear the agonizing conviction that the shadows from out the valley of death even then rested upon her. But she never wavered, though not as before unconscious of her danger,

but confident that the vigor of her constitution and the buoyancy of her spirit would enable her to conquer the disease she had kept at bay so many years. She met the Seniors every day in General Literature, did much composition work, and read proof of the History then going through the press. She never spoke of her illness unless forced so to do by the solicitations of friends, and only once, though I saw her almost daily, did we allude to its possibly fatal termination. Then she said, "I do not want to die, there are many things I wish to do, and I grieve unspeakably for my sister; but I am not distressed as I think that even now I may be nearing the foot of the hill; for you know, that living or dying, I am the Lord's."

She went to Baltimore, Maryland, Dec. 26, 1879, and passed the winter with her friend and former pupil, Miss Sarah A. Jenness. Miss McKen made the journey with her, and remained a month, and when the elder sister returned to Andover she felt comforted by the invalid's additional strength and more favorable symptoms. Mutual letters passed every day between the sisters, and as that of Miss Phebe usually came by the evening mail, Miss McKen closed her eyes every night happy, because it told of what appeared positive gain.

Her home with Miss Jenness was delightful to an unusual degree. All her letters told of the exceeding care, the abounding thoughtfulness, the comfort and beauty of her surroundings. Most of the time the weather was so mild she could drive for hours, and frequently walk for a relatively long time in the open air, and if obliged to stay in the house, and unable to talk, for her voice was weak, she found continual solace in the books from the noble public libraries of Baltimore. She was directing the reading of two of the '79 girls, and during the whole winter and spring, and even up to the last day of her life, had them often on her mind. She saw many pleasant, cultivated people, friends of Miss Jenness, as well as those more directly con-

nected with her sister and herself, and her delight in the society of Professor Churchill during the fortnight he lectured before the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, was intense. Likewise during all these months of her stay, any friends or Academy girls, who found themselves within a day's journey of her peaceful resort, set their faces toward it as toward a shrine, and, as ever, left her with the firmly expressed resolve to think more nobly and act more worthily that she might be proud of them.

Why linger over the last days of her lovely life? Why try to tell how in the fullest expectation of meeting on the morrow her sister in Boston, she started at three o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 2, with Miss Jenness, in a sleeping car for the long railroad ride which lay between that city and Baltimore? On Tuesday she wrote the last paragraph in her journal beginning with the words, 'Tomorrow I start for home.' She thought of Andover, and the familiar apartments prepared and waiting her occupancy in the house of Dr. and Mrs. Bancroft at Concord, New Hampshire. She had no thought that on that day she was to join her father's family, from whom she had been so long separated, in heaven. Indeed, she had written Miss McKeen but a little while before, that she expected to live many years, though she might never be strong enough to teach again. She found herself sleepy and exhausted, as they went their way northward through the long midsummer twilight, and before many hours her faithful friend saw with an apprehension no words can express, that she was surely passing into that sleep which on earth would know no waking.

They had been in the habit of repeating together hymns, psalms, and other Scripture; so this night they said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth;" and so on, through all the sublime expressions of habitual trust. Then she fell asleep and was not, for God took her.

I know not in all my remembrance of death, aught more beautiful than this quiet flitting away out of the crowded, hurrying train, and I can conceive no more fitting way for such as she to enter the immediate presence of our Lord. She fell asleep in the absolute possession of faculties and acquirements far above the average of those given to humanity, and awoke in unclouded light, buoyant and hopeful, strong and unterrified, in her Saviour's might, and eager to begin at once the larger work and the nobler usefulness we are sure awaited her.

Miss McKeen was to meet the travellers at the Parker House, in Boston. It was expected they would be there before her, but when she did not find them she naturally thought the train had been delayed, and hopefully waited their entrance. They did not come; but before she had time to be seriously anxious a friend entered, to whom Miss Jenness had telegraphed from New Haven, and told the unexpected, overwhelming tidings. Few were the particulars to disclose to that anguished, agonized sister, and only this in addition to those I have indicated above, that the time and place of the passing of the freed spirit was a little after the dawning of Thursday, June 3d, and not far from the crossing of the Harlem River.

They took Miss Phebe to Bradford, Vermont, that same night, and through the hours of waiting she rested peacefully in the little church where her father had ministered so many years, and where she had so often sat with her family at the sacramental table of our Lord. From the sorrowing teachers and girls of Abbot Academy had come a wealth of lovely flowers, which the loving hands of old friends placed tenderly round the frail form returned thus to take her long rest in their midst. With the white lilies she loved so well in her slender fingers, they stood about her; said the simple words of hope and trust our faith selects from the Scriptures for its pious dead, and then bore her to the burial lot of her father's house.

There, where they had before left sister, mother, brother and father, they left her amid all the sweet influences of the hastening summer, to wait the resurrection taught by our Lord. A memorial service was held in Abbot Academy Hall, solely for the members of the school on June 20th, and there Professor Park read the beautiful, touching, and absolutely truthful biographical sketch printed in the introduction to the History of Abbot Academy.

On Anniversary Day the psalm which had been upon her lips as they were silent in death was chanted ; and in almost every exercise some reference was made to the part which for twenty-one years she had taken in the pleasures and festivities of the occasion. Our hearts so cried out for her that it seemed as if she must hear, as if even from the shining ranks of cherubim and seraphim she must stoop and answer us. But no sound broke the stillness of the summer air, no smile from the far-off heaven eased our loss, and we said bitterly, as so many stricken ones have said before, "The places that knew her will know her visible presence no more forever." But the penetrating and persuasive influence of her invisible spirit will never vanish. It is possible in years to come, when the last one of us who knew and loved her shall have passed away, that her face, and name even, may be forgotten ; but the life she so nobly and sweetly lived will forever be a blessing to Abbot Academy and to the world."

November 12, 1880.

TO MISS PHEBE.

A blindly groping child I came to thee,
All life a strange confusion to mine eyes ;
Thine eyes met mine, and lo ! in subtile wise,
A sense of beauty dawned and sight was free.
A deaf, unheeding girl thou foundest me,
Hearing but echoes of my questioning cries ;
Thy clear, sweet voice awoke, with strange surprise,
My spirit to a sense of harmony.

Dear friend, thine eyes are closed, for thou dost sleep;
But hundreds, waking, bless thee for their sight.
Alas! thy voice is stilled, yet we who weep
Hear sweetest music, listening aright.
A witness in thy memory we keep
To God's eternal harmony and light.

Anna Fuller.

MRS. SAMUEL C. JACKSON.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Jackson are unquestionably the father and mother of Abbot Academy. With them the thought of it originated, and instead of resting satisfied with "What a good thing it *would be!*" they brought the subject before the people and kept it there till interest was awakened and action was taken and the school became a fact. In its early struggles, Mrs. Jackson was an active and able helper.¹ During her long connection with the school, as wife of a trustee, Mrs. Jackson was invaluable; her quick, clear perception, her logical mind and her just judgment, made her a safe refuge in perplexity, a treasure-house of wisdom when practical resources ran low, and a tonic in hours of discouragement. She was a natural leader and the secret of her power was her faith.

Mrs. Caroline True Jackson was born in Portland, Maine, February 17, 1807. Her parents were William True and Rebecca Mariner, both natives of Maine, but removed to Boston, Mass., about 1814. Both died in Ottawa, Illinois.

Samuel C. Jackson and Caroline True were married February 17, 1829, at Hayward Place, Boston, by the Rev. Samuel C. Greene. After marriage, her residence was Andover, Mass. During twenty-three years her home was in the West Parish, where her husband was pastor of the Congregational church. In 1851, she removed to Andover Hill, where she died December 5, 1882, having survived her husband four years and four months.

¹See History of Abbot Academy, pages 50-52.

MRS. EDWARD BUCK.¹

Mrs. Elizabeth Greene Buck, eldest daughter of Samuel Hubbard and Mary Ann Greene, was born in Boston, February 11, 1817. She was a pupil of Jacob Abbot in Boston, and later of Miss Z. P. Grant in Ipswich. In 1841 she married Edward Buck, and resided in Andover. As the wife of a trustee, Mrs. Buck came into personal relations with Abbot Academy, and her influence was a most salutary power.

The death of Mrs. Buck, May 14, 1890, carried personal sorrow to many of the Alumnae of the school; among the sunny memories of their life here, are those of pleasant drives with the genial trustee, who enjoyed filling his carriage with school-girls and, after a little outing, taking them home to tea, where he was sure of their cordial reception by the accomplished lady of the house. To come, in any degree, under the influence of Mrs. Buck, was a positive advantage; in her rare intellectual force tempered by charity, her prejudice checked by justice, her ambition yoked with admirable common-sense, and her conscious superiority graced by kindly sympathy, her character was a rare combination which made her hospitality a blessing to her young guests; it was a revelation of a noble ideal. What Mrs. Buck was to those of the teachers who knew her familiarly, cannot be expressed in words. Through her, life was enriched; her judgment was safe anchorage, and she

“Had in her heart wide room for all that be,”—

Mrs. Buck survived her husband fourteen years.

MRS. EDWARDS A. PARK.²

The death of Mrs. Park occurred a little more than a year later than the period covered by this history, but her life so links with the school that these records would be grievously

¹ See History of Abbot Academy, pages 51, 52 and 258.

² See History of Abbot Academy, page 51.

incomplete without mention of the third in the noble trio of wives of trustees, who were respectively for a half century, nearly a quarter of a century, and for forty-two years,—the power behind the throne. Their record “is on high.”

Ann Maria Edwards, the eighth child of Col. William Edwards and Rebecca Tappan, was born April 22, 1812, in Northampton, Mass. She came of distinguished lineage, for her great grand-father was Jonathan Edwards, and her mother's grandmother was a sister of Benjamin Franklin. When the child was five years old, her father's business called him to Hunter, New York, where he purchased twelve hundred acres of land upon a mountain covered with a dense hemlock forest. Here, in the midst of the scenery of the Catskills and the Hudson, she passed her childhood and her girlhood. She was not lonely, for nature was her familiar friend.

“Hand in hand with her she walked,
Face to face with her she talked.”

She was not lonely, for she was the eighth child in a family of eleven children; they were society to each other; the older brothers who were in business in New York, often came home, bringing news of the great metropolis and leaving reading for the family.

When Ann Maria Edwards was thirteen years old she was sent to New Haven to a school under the care of Mrs. Birch; the following year she studied in Northampton in Miss Dwight's school, and at fifteen she was entered at Miss Catherine Beecher's school in Hartford, where she received instruction from Miss Beecher and from Miss Harriet Beecher, afterwards Mrs. Stowe, which she continued to value during the years of her later life.

Miss Ann Maria Edwards was married to Rev. Edwards A. Park in 1836. He had then lately been called from a professorship at Amherst to the chair of Sacred Rhetoric in Andover Theological Seminary. They were both young,—the wife was twenty-four and the professor three years older,

when they established themselves in the house which was ever after their residence; it was a home where teachers and pupils of Abbot Academy received generous hospitality. Mrs. Park's rare personal graces made it a joy and an inspiration to be with her; young ladies were eager for errands to her house which might give them opportunity to look at her and hear her speak; they saw that beauty was not pre-empted by youth.

Mrs. Park died October 7, 1893.

MRS HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The active interest which Mrs. Stowe early took in Abbot Academy¹ makes it fitting that she should be grouped with the friends whose memory is recorded here. The following account of her burial in Andover, written by myself for the *Andover Townsman*, will perhaps be of interest not only to her personal friends here, but to any of her many readers who may chance to see it.

It was on Friday, the third of July, 1896; although the precise hour could not be announced, and the occasion was not generally known, perhaps a hundred of the people of Andover were in the Chapel cemetery awaiting the funeral cortége. One of the ladies had made the burial spot bright with flowers; the upturned earth was a mound of green boughs and wild roses. The monuments to Professor Stowe and his son Henry E. B. Stowe, who was drowned while a student at Dartmouth College, were tastefully decorated with choice flowers.

Among the friends who came to escort the distinguished dead, were Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker and her son Dr. Hooker, Rev. Charles Beecher and his daughter, the Misses Harriet and Eliza Stowe, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Stowe, the son of Rev. H. F. Allen and Mrs. Georgie Stowe Allen, Mrs. Noyes of Georgetown, Mrs. James T. Fields of Boston,

¹See *History of Abbot Academy*, page 50-52.

Sarah Orne Jewett and Mr. G. F. Dunning of Brunswick, Maine.

Mr. Allen, who was abroad, cabled from Florence and sent pink water lilies; Mrs. Fields sent purple fleur-de-lis, and many of the friends brought other floral offerings; among them was a wreath from many negroes in Boston, who subscribed themselves "The Children of uncle Tom."

The bearers were Professor Churchill, Principal Bancroft, Professor Moore and Rev. Dr. Selah Merrill; as the coffin was reverently lowered to its final resting-place, the spectators were deeply stirred by the sweetly solemn thoughts awakened by the supreme occasion.

Professor Egbert Smyth, who conducted the service, read selected scriptures and Mrs. Stowe's hymn.

"Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight
Dawns the sweet consciousness — I am with Thee.

Still, still with Thee! as to each new born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth the blessed consciousness awaking
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
The closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wing o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be, at last, in that bright morning
When the soul awaketh and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought — I am still with Thee!"

Led by Professor Moore, the large company joined in singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Professor Smyth read the Episcopal burial service, and the benediction was pronounced.

Before the return train for Boston there were a few minutes for exchange of greeting and of sympathy between the

guests and their friends in Andover with whom they left their precious dead.

It had come to its own; close by is resting the body of Mrs. Stowe's friend and old-time pupil, Mrs. Professor Park; across the way, are the graves of her familiar friends and neighbors, Dr. and Mrs. S. H. Taylor; at the right are the memorial stones of Professor Phelps and his dead; at the left are the graves of Professor and Mrs. B. B. Edwards, and in a contiguous lot lie the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Buck. Three years ago the five sons of Mrs. Harriette Woods Baker brought the body of their mother from her home in New York, and themselves laid her beside their father here, reciting from the burial service by turns, for with one exception, they were Episcopal clergymen.

Monuments rise here to Professor Woods of Andover Theological Seminary and to his son the late President of Bowdoin College; to Professor Hiram Mead of Oberlin, to the late Professor Pease of Andover Theological Seminary, to the first wife of President Tucker of Dartmouth, to Mr. Edward Taylor, to Rev. Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Jackson, Principal Johnson of Phillips Academy, Mr. John Aiken, and many others whose names and lives are known and read of all men.

It might truly be said of the sleepers in Andover Chapel Cemetery, as Dr. Cuyler has said of the Wesleys, "The dead Wesleys are ringing the bells of ten thousand churches around the world;" and as somebody has said, "There will be some tall rising from Bunhill Fields on resurrection day."

It is with profound feeling that the people of Andover receive this new legacy. Mrs. Stowe was their pride in life, and her grave will be a sacred trust. In a letter to me dated May 5, 1892, she writes, "Your note reaches me this lovely spring morning, a pleasant reminder of the happy days of long ago in Andover. My life there was a pleasant one, full of work and of hopes to be realized. I saw much in the future and much to live for. Of course, my horizon is much

narrower now. My life lies all in the past. This is the time of waiting and of rest. I am very glad to have had those days recalled, and it is with pleasure that I send you an "Uncle Tom" for your new library in which I have placed my autograph and signature. I am only sorry that it is not a handsomer edition, but it is the only one I happen to have in the house."

Mrs. Stowe's grave is a shrine which has already been visited by hundreds of admiring pilgrims.

MISS MARY J. BELCHER.

Mary J. Belcher was born in Gaysville, Vermont, April 14, 1827. When fifteen years old, she went to Chelsea, Vt., to attend school, and later, she both studied and taught in the Academy in Bradford, Vt., of which one of her brothers was then the Principal. She taught Latin in Mount Holyoke Seminary from '55 to '58, when her work was terminated by a very severe illness.

In 1866 she came to teach in Abbot Academy and remained here till 1877, leaving a record of eleven years of remarkable service. Her natural qualifications were pronounced; but she did not rely upon them apart from thorough preparation. Though it was acquired in the old-time academies, her education was broad and thorough; she excelled in the higher mathematics, and was not only a critical English scholar, but was well read in Latin, French and German. Her perception of truth was clear and her literary taste was refined; she was original in methods and in expression. Naturally her pupils were fascinated by her presentation of subjects; they both admired and feared her; they caught her enthusiasm and valued her estimate of their work. But the best lesson she taught was imparted unconsciously. She impressed *herself* upon all of us,—her wonderful patience and fortitude, her self-forgetfulness and constant thought for others.

When she was a young girl, she contracted the disease which was a life-long restriction to her muscles and joints. With her, suffering was habitual, and sometimes, especially under surgical treatment, it was terrible. Most persons in her condition would consider themselves bed-ridden. On the contrary, Miss Belcher did everything that it was possible for her to do. She studied and taught; she painted and visited; she went out for recreation; while living in Abbot Academy she went to Boston whenever she wished to go, although she had to be lifted to and from hacks and trains.

When, at length, she yielded to the persuasions of her brothers and sister to join them in California, she adopted that western country as her own, and enjoyed its new phases of beauty and interested herself in the great problems of society there. Nothing was lacking to her comfort or happiness in the home of her brother, Judge Isaac Belcher, while her bachelor brother William claimed her as his special protégé, but the love of her chosen profession was so strong that she accepted a position in Mills Seminary, which she held for several years; and after leaving there, she often had private pupils, — perhaps some boy fitting for college, or some class of young ladies in French, or German, or literature, or rhetoric, or history. At one time, at the request of some gentlemen and ladies, she met a week-day class for the study of the Bible. When her health required her to go to some hot springs, the guests at the hotel with her, requested her to conduct Sabbath services, which she did, although so ill at the time.

Miss Belcher made the trip across the continent to attend the Semi-Centennial of Abbot Academy and was deeply interested in that beautiful festival. She returned to California and some years later, with courage undaunted, accompanied by her maid, she joined a party of friends and made the trip from San Francisco to Alaska. Although mostly confined to her wheeled chair and unable to go on shore, she wrote thrilling descriptions of the bold scenery of that northern region.

Her life was one struggle with her muscles. Her soul seemed to be beating against the bars of the body, and yet she was happy. A letter written two weeks before the end of her life closes with "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!" She was then in her usual health, or rather, ill health: but a short, sharp illness released her from her physical restrictions and she escaped, a freed spirit, on the evening of the sixth of September, 1891.

Her last utterance was

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

ABBY F. MITCHELL.

Miss Mitchell was graduated from Abbot Academy in '72. Among her classmates were Fanny Fletcher—Mrs. H. H. Parker, Lillian Waters—Mrs. Professor E. A. Grosvenor, Clara Locke—Mrs. F. G. Thomson, and Anna Fuller, the author of "Pratt Portraits," etc. Miss Mitchell was the youngest in her class, and her slight, frail body, even then, was almost overmastered by her keen intellectual activity. After her graduation, she taught with large success in the High School in Springfield, Mass., and in the Academy in St. Johnsbury, Vt. From '88 to '91, she taught in Abbot Academy, but the continual surging of young life in the family, in addition to the hours of teaching, was too great a strain upon her strength, and she left Abbot to teach in the Free Academy, Norwich, Ct., where everything promised a favorable adjustment between her professional duties and her physical power; but here her broad charity and pent-up energy found too free scope in a "Working Girls' Club," to which she gave without stint, sympathy, ingenuity, instruction, time and strength, till in Norwich, as had been the case elsewhere, she had overworked, and now beyond recovery.

In illness as in health, Miss Mitchell naturally turned to the home of her classmate and dearest friend, Mrs. Fanny Fletcher Parker in Winchester. Her brother and only sister were summoned to her bedside, and by the advice of her physician, they removed her to a Rest Cure in Brookline, hoping that months there might build her up again: but in weariness and pain she fell asleep and did not waken until three weeks later, when her eyes opened in heaven. Miss Mitchell died December 27, 1895. Her body was taken to Bath, Me., accompanied by her brother and sister, where on Sabbath, it was laid to rest beside her mother and other kindred.

Miss Mitchell lived double the number of her years; her zeal was a consuming fire, but it gave a great light. Being highly intellectual, richly stored with material and illustration, quick to see the humorous, enthusiastic, sympathetic and severely conscientious, she was a rare teacher. She leaves throngs of admiring and attached friends and pupils.

Of her own gifted family there remain two brothers, Edward T. Mitchell, one of the editors of the New York Sun, and George Mitchell, a teacher in San Francisco, and her sister, Miss Mary Mitchell, of Bath, Maine.

IX.

THE FACULTY.

BETWEEN the years 1879 and 1892 many changes occurred among those whose names stand upon the roll of sometime teachers in Abbot Academy.

Rev. T. D. P. Stone, the fifth Principal of this school, from 1839-'42,¹ died in Albany, N. Y., April 11, 1886, aged 75. A very interesting In Memoriam of Dr. Stone may be found in the Abbot Courant for June, 1888.

Rev. J. B. Bittinger, Associate Principal with Mr. Asa Farwell from 1849-'50², died April 15, 1885, aged 65 years. His connection with Abbot Academy was during one brief year while Mr. Farwell was absent in Europe; but his influence was very pronounced and salutary. One of his pupils, after a lapse of thirty-five years, says, "No matter what was the science or the text-book, the teacher, not the text-book, was our inspiration; we could not afford to lose one word that fell from his lips; youngest, or oldest, we listened as for our lives; every soul of us. Often we say, as we meet in these long after years, he first awakened my dormant powers; to him I owe, more than to any other, the development of my intellect and whatever mental growth I have attained."

Dr. Bittinger was at one time a Professor in Middlebury College, Vermont, then pastor of the Euclid Avenue Presbyterian church in Cleveland, Ohio, and latest was settled over the Presbyterian church in Sewickly, Pennsylvania; a pastorate which he held, twenty-one years, till the time of his death. He became a man of power; one of his parishioners

¹See History of Abbot Academy, pages 80, 83, 71, 90.

²See History of Abbot Academy, page 42 and 172-173.

says, "His preaching was characterized by breadth of view and clearness of statement; his style was terse and forcible, yet of singular beauty. He never used manuscript, not even notes, in the pulpit; yet such was his marvellous command of language, that the critical ear failed to detect a blemish in his utterance." In January, 1884, he was overcome by a general prostration, and with his family he spent the summer in Europe lying in wait for strength; but it came slowly and with stint. After his return he was able to preach but four sermons; in these the fire of his genius flashed with unwonted light, but they were his last. His strength was gone; he wrote a beautiful, touching farewell letter to his people, a printed copy of which is cherished in every family.

Loving and appreciative tributes to Dr. Bittinger are on record in the *Abbot Courant* of January, 1886.

Asa Farwell, 1842-'52¹, was the sixth Principal of Abbot Academy and held his position ten years, a period equalling—less one year—the aggregate of that of his predecessors. The school was very prosperous under his direction. While a teacher in Doane College in 1878, Mr. Farwell's health failed, and he removed with his family to Ludlow, Vermont, where his son Charles was principal of an Academy. In this happy home he died, suddenly, of paralysis of the heart, on May 14, 1888.

Mary A. Sexton, a teacher in Abbot Academy 1846-'49, became the second wife of Rev. Asa Farwell, and died February 7, '97, at Wollaston Heights, Massachusetts, having survived her husband nine years.

Samuel Gilman Brown, D. D., LL. D., the first Principal of Abbot Academy, 1835-'38, was born at North Yarmouth, Me., January 4, 1813, and died at Utica, N. Y., November 4, 1885. A member of his family says, "He died suddenly,

¹See *History of Abbot Academy*, pages 39 and 167-172. Also the *Abbot Courant* for January, 1889.

among his family, in the early morning, departing peacefully, painlessly, apparently out of full health, giving no warning to friends, and having no opportunity for loving farewells. He was laid to rest among his honored kindred, in the beautiful cemetery of his beloved Hanover, N. H. The morning sun points toward that quiet sleeping-place, the shadows of the college not far away, whose students ever delighted to do him honor, and where he had been associated in most friendly, genial companionship with gentlemen of distinguished eminence in their various departments and of gentle, kindly culture, which he so thoroughly shared, and knew so well how to appreciate."

Those who were present at the South Church on "Old Scholars' Day," at our Semi-Centennial, will recall the genial, elegant presence of President Brown and the memories of the days when he was Principal of this school which he so affectionately recalled, and the high tribute which he paid to his pupils. "Of one thing," he said, "In the history of those early days, I can never think without unfeigned gratitude; I mean the diligence, fidelity, sincere, earnest, scholarly and successful work of those whom I was so much honored as to have under my charge."

For further information, see History of Abbot Academy, pages 26-28 and 163-166. Also Abbot Courant for June, 1886.

Rev. Laurentius Langstroth was the fourth Principal of Abbot Academy. He had then just closed a pastorate of three years at the South Church, Andover, on account of ill health, when in 1838, he was called to the headship of this school; a position which he was forced to relinquish at the end of six months, by reason of failing health.¹ He became an eminent authority in the culture of the bee, and was thus honored by Scotland, England, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, France and Russia.

¹ See Abbot History, page 29.

Rev. L. Langstroth died suddenly in the pulpit of the Presbyterian church at Dayton, Ohio, October 6, 1895. He had just taken his seat, being too feeble to stand, and began with these words "It is of the love of God that I wish to speak to you this morning, what it has been, what it is, what it means to us, and what we ought—" a wondering look came into his radiant face, and he was gone!

He was nearly eighty-five years of age.

During the first twenty-three years of its existence, Abbot Academy was in charge, successively, of six gentlemen. In 1854, Miss Nancy J. Hasseltine was installed in the chair of Principal.

Miss Emma L. Taylor was the third lady-principal, 1857-1859.¹ She immediately preceeded Miss McKeen. For seventeen years after leaving Andover, she was at the head of Adams Female Academy, at Derry, N. H. After her retirement from that school, she went, in 1878, to St. Johnsbury, Vermont, where she lived in a lovely cottage upon the edge of the grounds of her sister, Mrs. Horace Fairbanks, thus securing close intercourse with her only remaining sister and the independence of a home of her own. Eight happy, peaceful, useful years there, brought her broad life to its earthly close on December 3, 1886.

Miss Abby W. Chapman began her life in Abbot Academy in 1844, as a pupil, and afterwards taught here for several years: in the summer of '53 she was acting principal for one term. In 1855 she married Mr. Daniel Chamberlin, of Boston: after a married life of twenty-four years, she devoted her eight years of widowhood largely to works of beneficence; she was connected with the North End Mission and the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston. For thirteen years, she was President of the

¹ See History of Abbot Academy pages 56 and 174; also the Abbot Courant for June '87 pages 23-27.

Alumnae Association of Abbot Academy. In 1888, she married Mr. John R. Poor of Boston and died April 13, 1894. In all the relations of life, she was sunny, hopeful, and strong. For a very interesting and appreciative biographical sketch of Mrs. Poor by Miss Susanna Jackson, see *Abbot Courant* for June, '94.

Carrie M. Hamlin, '66, was a teacher of French during her pupilage in Abbot Academy: she was very brilliant in each capacity and also in social relations. She taught three or four years in Hartford, Ct., and in 1870 she went to Philadelphia to begin the study of medicine as a better qualification for missionary work. The following summer she met W. H. Vail, a young physician of Cornwall Landing, New York, with whom she shared a happy married life, of whose richness and fulness Mrs. Lyman Abbot has written in the *Abbot Courant* for January, 1888.

She died in Blairstown, New Jersey, April 6, 1887.

Miss Nellie E. Abbott teacher, '80-'82, married Joseph M. Sawyer, Esq., of Owatonna, Minnesota.

Miss Laura H. Brownell, '79-'82, married J. A. Collier of Brooklyn, New York.

Miss Sarah A. Jenness, '81-'82, is a practising physician in Boston.

Miss Elizabeth M. Chadbourne, '82-'83 and '92-'95, found the work at Abbot too heavy for her strength, and returned to the Misses Graham's school, New York.

Miss Harriet S. Hurd, '82-'83, married Samuel S. McClure, New York.

Miss Ellen Wilbur, '83-'86, married Isaac B. Burgess of Morgan Park, Illinois.

Miss Jane Lincoln Greeley, '83-'93, left Abbot Academy for the study of medicine in New York City.¹

¹ Miss Greeley was graduated from the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children on May 27, 1897.

Herr Heinrich Conrad Bierwith, '83, is an instructor of German and philosophy in Harvard College.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Mead, '84-'88, resigned her place here to take the Presidency of Mount Holyoke College.

Miss Carrie E. Hall, '79-'84, married Rev. George H. Bird, South Chicago, Ill.

Miss Isabella Graham French, '84-'87, became Principal of the young ladies Seminary in Kalamazoo, Mich., and married Melville Bigelow of that place.

Miss Mabel Wheaton, '85-'87, left for an extended European tour in charge of two pupils: and afterward taught in Boston.

Miss Jane H. Pearson, '85-'86, married Rev. Arthur W. Stanford and went to Japan.

Fraulein Adelheid Bodemeyer, '87-'88, married James W. Howard.

Miss Frances A. Kimball, '73, '78-'88, married John M. Harlow, M. D., Woburn.

Miss Katherine R. Kelsey came upon the board of teachers in '88, where, happily for the interests of the school, she continues.

Miss Mary Jessie Cole, '88, taught one year and married Rev. C. B. F. Pease.

Miss Abby F. Mitchell, '89-'91, left because of ill-health; later, she taught in the Free Academy, Norwich, Ct., and died December 27, 1895.

Miss Anna J. Kimball, '89-'90, after having accomplished the special work for which she came, returned to the filial duties which rested upon her as the only child of her parents.

Victoria Heitmüller, '89, after one year resigned her position as teacher of German to marry Prof. Winthrop E. Stone, Lafayette, Indiana.

Fraulein Natalie Schiefferdecker, '90, is still the accomplished teacher of German in Abbot Academy.

Miss Julia Alice Hamlin, '90-'94, left school to take degrees at Wellesley College and Cornell University and is now teaching in Mt. Holyoke College.¹

Miss Edith E. Ingalls, who came to Abbot in '91, still fills the chair of Literature and year after year sends her pupils out filled with an enthusiasm akin to her own love of books.

Miss Mary M. Fiske came in '84 to give special help in the winter term.

Miss Josephine E. Richards came in the summer term of '84 on account of Miss Fanny Kimball's absence. The school is much indebted to Miss Richards for help kindly rendered several times in need. She married Professor M. Clement Gile, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

"'L'Alliance Francais,' a society composed of some of the most celebrated literary gentlemen of France, has elected as the first, and, at present, only member in the United States, Professor Henri Morand of Boston, in recognition of his services in promoting in this country the objects for which the association is formed. The aim of the alliance is to propagate the pure French language all over the world." Boston Advertiser, Feb. 6, '84.

This honor to Professor Morand sheds lustre upon Abbot Academy as one of his mission stations for propagating the pure French language.

MATRONS.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Lowell was matron at Davis Hall from 1871 to '81. Her whole life with us was a lesson of patience and cheerfulness, very sweetly taught. Habitually, she suffered from a chronic affection of the heart, which

¹ July 21, '97, Miss J. Alice Hamlin married Edgar L. Hinman, Ph. D., Professor in the State University of Nebraska at Lincoln.

often caused acute pain and made her liable to sudden death. But she was always cheerful and sympathetic and as ready to assist as if she were well and strong; her presence was a sunny atmosphere in Davis Hall where she was greatly beloved. She died in Manchester, N. H., May 5, 1891. A local paper there in announcing her death, adds "All the city who knew her bear testimony to her lovely character. She has always been the generous, helpful friend of the poor, trusted and beloved by rich and poor alike. Mrs. Lowell has illustrated the saying that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. Almost fourscore years were her portion, but looking at her sweet face to-day, it seemed impossible to believe it."

Mrs. Inez Jane Gorton was matron at South Hall six years from 1880 to 1886. She had become so much a part of our home-life that she was sorely missed when she responded to the call of General Armstrong to come to Hampton Institute. At his bidding she and her daughter Mary went later to labor among the Indians at Fort Belknap Agency, Montana. She now lives with her daughter, Mrs. Frank W. Darling, Hampton, Va.

Mrs. Martha B. Bullard was matron at Davis Hall from 1882-'89. Her husband, who had been a teacher in Manchester, N. H., and in Boston, died seventeen years before she came to us.

For a time in her earliest widowhood, she was matron in the Prison for women in Sherburn. She threw herself heartily into the life at Abbot and sought its interests. For years she had known that she was the victim of a fatal disease, but she bravely struggled with it alone, until at length a surgical operation became necessary and she went to the New England Hospital, Boston, and having calmly arranged all her worldly affairs and committed herself to the Father of her spirit, she resigned herself to the operation which might give life, but probably would bring death.

The immediate result seemed favorable, but after a few days she suddenly and quietly passed away in the early morning, March 4, 1890. Her Andover pastor, Rev. J. J. Blair, Miss McKeen, Miss Lina Kimball, and Miss Maria S. Merrill went to the old homestead in Franklin, Mass., to attend the funeral services.

Miss Mary L. Santley was matron at South Hall one year ending '87, when she was lured back to her beloved colored schools in the South, beside which Abbot Academy had no charms. She went to the Methodist School at Orangeburg, North Carolina.

Miss Susan R. Carter of Andover rendered a year of efficient service as matron in South Hall in the year 1888, and was succeeded by

Miss Rose Temple, who came to the school in 1889, and remained until ill health compelled her to leave. She died at her brother's home in Reading, March 15, 1891. Miss Merrill, with whom she was chiefly associated, says of her in the *Courant*, June, '91, "Miss Temple's life in Abbot Academy was brief, but full of usefulness. During the year spent at South Hall, her ready sympathy and kind, motherly ways won all her household, and when she came to the French-speaking Hall to take Mrs. Bullard's place, we felt sure that a helpful friend had come into our midst. Nor were we mistaken; but it was only in the closer acquaintance, the daily intercourse, that we learned something of the sturdy common-sense, the keen humor, the strong sympathy, that found scope in her life here. All this year her health was failing, but we little realized when she left us on the day of the house-warming, that she would never come back to us. In spite of her sharp disappointment at leaving her post, there was a brave facing of the future, and her trust never wavered."

"During Miss Angelina Kimball's absence in Europe, 1892, Mrs. Mary E. Todd served as matron at Draper Hall, the fall and winter terms.

Miss Sarah E. Graves was matron at Smith Hall during a part of the year 1892.

Mrs. Harriet B. Willard, 1856-'60. When Smith Hall was opened in 1854, Miss Ellen Hasseltine, sister of the Principal, presided over the housekeeping and continued to do so for two years, when she gave it into the hands of Mrs. Willard who had kept a popular boarding-house in Andover. She proved to have high administrative ability, and when after four years she wished to go to California with Rev. George Mooar and his family, it was with great reluctance that the trustees gave her up. Those who were members of the family at that time can hardly have forgotten the dimmed eyes and choking sobs with which we sang at family worship that last Sabbath evening

"Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen:
Bright skies will soon be o'er me," etc.

for was not Mrs. Willard to start for California in the morning?

In that distant home she soon found important posts of influence and usefulness. She became matron of the San Francisco Orphan Asylum, and performed her duties with rare ability. From that institution she went to the responsibilities of matron at the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute at Berkley, with which she was connected till her death, January 14, 1887.

A California paper says "In the death of Mrs. H. B. Willard the Institute at Berkley has lost a woman of remarkable adaptation to her work, and the church a member who took the heartiest interest in its welfare. In the charge of so many children as have been constantly under her care for so many years, one knew not which to admire the more, her well-maintained order and authority, or her motherly kindness. The central point in her character and life was her Master and His kingdom. With words of love

and trust in her Heavenly Father, she fell asleep, to awake in the full consciousness of the life everlasting."

The kind Providence which has so signally watched over Abbot Academy, had a person ready to fill the vacancy left by Mrs. Willard. It was Miss Angelina Kimball, who had been assistant matron from 1855 to '58, who now took the sole responsibility. Happier, wiser provision was not possible; the adaptation was so complete that it has remained undisturbed from 1860 to this day. The successful home-making at Abbot Academy has been largely owing to the immaculate housekeeping and fine personal qualities of Miss Angelina Kimball.



Angelina Kimball.

X.

OLD SCHOLARS.

It is pleasant to write of "the old girls," as they fondly speak of themselves. They are widely scattered, for the field is the world, but as they call back to us, their voices have that cheery ring which indicates healthful and hopeful living. Since the opening of the half century our missionary ranks have often been reinforced and some who were working single handed have married and so doubled their efficiency.

Olive Twichell, '76, sailed from Boston March 31, 1881, and in early June reached Broosa, Turkey, where she was to teach Armenian and Greek girls; she remained there four years, when she was transferred to Constantinople to work as a city missionary. In 1890 she married Rev. Lyndon S. Crawford and returned to Broosa.

Dr. Alden, Secretary of the American Board, gave a pleasant picture of Miss Twichell as he saw her in Broosa. The guests — Dr. Alden and Mr. Torrey of Boston, and Dr. Barnum of Harpoot, accompanied by the missionaries of the station, — excepting Miss Twichell, — were going to attend a great convention in Constantinople. To avoid travelling in the heat of the day, it was arranged that they should start at half-past three o'clock in the morning. As they wended their way down the hill most delicious music came floating after them. Turning, they saw in the distance, Miss Twichell and her girls standing in the balcony, sending them off with sweet hymns of parting benediction. Dr. Alden said Miss Twichell's tall figure in white, crowned by her golden hair, and surrounded by that group of young

girls to whom she had come upon a mission of love, seen through the dim light of the dawn, was like a Heavenly vision.

We are indebted to Rev. Edward G. Porter¹ for a second picture of Miss Twichell, and this as she was engaged in her missionary work in Constantinople.

He says: "Mr. Dwight was very urgent that I should go to Stamboul with him and see the Sunday school work carried on by Miss Twichell and Mrs. Newell; I was glad to go. Landing at the famous bridge, over which the polyglot multitudes are ever passing back and forth, we threaded our way along narrow, crowded streets, and through dark, noisy bazaars, fragrant with the odor of spices; we passed also, several imposing mosques and a large Turkish garrison and some fine oriental dwellings with latticed windows. In the heart of this densely populated quarter, we stopped at a block of three-story houses, two of which were filled with the regular Sunday classes engaged in Bible study, under the direction of these two ladies and their assistant teachers; it was a busy scene. The hum of voices, the arrival of new scholars, the songs, the filing in and out of the different rooms on each floor, the distribution of books, cards and papers, with the great variety of complexion and costume, all showed what American women can do in organizing a great Christian work of their own among these races of the East. Miss Twichell went around with me and persuaded me to speak to several classes of men and boys. I could see how completely they were under her control, how much they esteemed her, and how glad they were to have her notice them and call them by name."

A third scene shows Mr. and Mrs. Crawford away from their home in Broosa, associated with Dr. Parmelee in Trebizond in feeding five thousand starving Armenian refugees, distributing clothing among them, and establishing an indus-

¹Letter to the Graduates of Abbot Academy assembled at the Vendome, Boston, February 5, 1890.

trial department where women might earn something by making garments and comfortables.

Clara H. Hamlin was so successful in the nine years of her connection with The Girls' school at Scutari, that it seemed clear that she was fore-ordained to that position, but when in 1889, she married the Rev. Lucius O. Lee of Marash, it was found that she was equally qualified for the new and larger work.

We are indebted to a friend for a glimpse of the wedding. "About forty guests gathered at Robert College to witness the ceremony. The day had been stormy, but just as the bridal party entered the room, the sun broke through the clouds and streamed brightly in upon the little company. First in the bridal procession came the bride's four nieces and nephews. Three-year old Roger and Sarah Anderson led; an older brother and sister came just behind, and some of Miss Hamlin's co-workers at the Scutari Home followed; then came the bridegroom and the white-robed, veiled bride: they stood facing a portrait of the bride's father, Dr. Hamlin. The service was performed by Professor Charles Anderson, brother-in-law of the bride, assisted by Dr. Bliss, a trustee of the Home School at Scutari. Mrs. Anderson — Abby F. Hamlin, '66 — with the clergymen, received the bridal party after the ceremony: the rooms were beautiful with ferns and flowers."

Of the wedding journey, Mrs. Lee wrote to a friend: "We took the train for Adana, passing Taurus on our way. Mr. and Mrs. Mead — Hattie Childs, '76 — were there to welcome us, and we were their guests for two days. We started on our long horseback journey on Thursday, and on Friday we were crossing the great Celicia plain. The first day I enjoyed the novelty so much that I did not mind the monotony. The second day was terrible; all day we jogged across the plain in the intense heat, not a tree to be seen, not a drop of water to be had. I have learned the value of

water and shade, as never before, and some of the Bible verses have a forcible meaning after this experience. The third day we began to get among the mountains, and what a grateful change it was! That night we pitched our tent for a Sabbath rest by a brook; it was the first time I had dwelt in a tent and I enjoyed it. We also spent Monday night in a tent, and the next morning started off for our last stage. Marash is far more beautiful than I had expected to find it; I am constantly happy and busy."

Seven years later, Marash was one of the centres of the Turkish massacres: the Academy was looted, the Seminary burned, and four-fifths, if not nine-tenths of the houses of the ten thousand Christians were destroyed; families were tortured and butchered with Satanic ingenuity, till the dead among the Christians counted six hundred and fifty. Mr. and Mrs. Lee remained there through these horrors and longer, in caring for the sick during the pestilence which followed. They tested the promise "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee."

Harriet Newell Childs, '76, sailed for Aintab, Turkey, Sept. 25, 1880; after successful teaching there, in Marash and in the Home at Constantinople, she married Rev. W. W. Mead, of Adana.¹

Abby F. Hamlin, '66, wife of Rev. Professor Charles Anderson, finds her home for the third time in Constantinople, her native city, where her husband has twice been, as he now is, a professor in Robert College.

Mrs. Sarah Foster Greene, '87, and her husband, Rev. F. D. Greene, spent eventful years in Van, Turkey.²

¹ They were at home in this country at the time of the outbreak of the Turkish massacres, but returned to their Eastern home. Although aware of the dangers to which they were going and intercepted in England by cabled advice to delay, they pressed on to share the perils of their people.

² They returned to this country to publish the terrible story of persecution which they knew too well.

See "The Rule of the Turk, by Frederick D. Greene, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons."

Sarah Ford, '81, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board went to Sidon, her native place, consecrated by the lives and labors of her parents and her brother.

Alice M. Bird, '81, from Mount Lebanon, assisted her husband, Rev. William M. Greenlee, an English missionary, at Zahleh, Syria. They are now in this country.

Anna Bumstead, '75, sailed in July, 1882, for Cape Colony, South Africa, where she taught in the Huguenot Seminary in Wellington.

Harriet E. Gibson, '81, married John William Heron, M. D., in April, 1885, and under the patronage of the Presbyterian Board, they found their work and their home in Korea, where they were soon in favor with the king and the queen, who appointed Dr. Heron court physician and head of the government hospital. During the raging of the cholera in Korea, the plague stricken were often brought to Dr. Heron's gate to await his attendance. In his absence his young wife, Harriet Gibson, dared to go out and administer such remedies as she might, and speak comfortable words to the dying. Doctor Heron's life was intensely active and very successful, but it was too short. Only a few years had passed, when under special exhaustion in a time of general sickness, the good physician himself fell ill, and after a brief struggle, died, greatly lamented.

In April, 1892, Mrs. Heron married Rev. James Smith Gale. Through one of her letters we catch a glimpse of her at her ordinary missionary work. She says "The native school is a company of eighteen or twenty brave little Korean boys, who wend their way over the tiger-infested hills of Gensen, to spend the day sitting on a clean straw mat in our white school-house, where they learn of cubes and spheres, colors and combinations, and describe them in English, which we wish them to learn, that they may read our Bible and other English books; they are more eager in their English than in their Chinese or Korean lessons.

. Our little girls listen with eager, wistful eyes, to my stories of life in Abbot Academy, where they hope some day to find friends and companions, more than their barren experience can now picture, in the fairy-like building lighted without oil, heated without kongs, furnished with water without the aid of a half-naked, brown water coolie, all of which is incomprehensible to these little ones of the 'Hermit Land' where fine buildings and steam cars, carriages and church bells are unknown."

At the time of the war between Japan and China, in which Korea became involved, Mrs. Gale wrote to a friend "The fifth of August was to have been a day of especial happiness to me, for four women, the first converts of woman's work on this shore, were to be baptized. When I arose and found a large steamer pouring out hundreds of Japanese troops, horses and guns, I did not, of course, expect our Korean women to come, but, to our great surprise, at the appointed hour, there came a number sufficient to fill our little dining-room. The hurry and rush of the morning quieted down, and while the Japanese troops were being landed, right under our windows, and every preparation was being made for war, those four faithful women were baptized and spent a delightful hour in prayer and Bible study."¹

Mary Alice Schauffler, '85, married Rev. Benjamin W. Labaree of Oroomiah, Persia.

Schauffler is a shining name in the history of Abbot Academy. In the "Annals of Fifty Years" it is stated of the opening year of the school "The German language was taught by William Gottlieb Schauffler, a native of Germany, then lately entered at the Theological Seminary, whose remarkable history and almost weird power over the flute, had already attracted much personal interest and whose after career is the glory of the church."

¹Mr. and Mrs. Gale and their two daughters came to this country to rest in 1897.

His son, Rev. Henry A. Schauffler, so distinguished for his missionary work among the Bohemians in their native land and in this country, was a teacher of French at Abbot. Mary, of the third generation, bore her inheritance of nobility modestly and worthily, and almost as a matter of course took up the high vocation of the missionary.

Jennie H. Pearson, '76, married Rev. Arthur W. Stanford and went to Japan where the centre of their work was the Doshisha in Kyoto.

The latest missionary to go from the Alumnae of Abbot was Fanny Slater Gordon, '96 ; she returned to Japan, the land of her birth, but went as the wife of Rev. S. C. Bartlett, Jr.

Elizabeth R. Beach, '58, and a teacher in Abbot Academy for three years ending in '69, had an illustrious career of usefulness in the McAll Mission, Paris. Returning home to attend to some personal affairs, she was induced to speak to the ladies of many city churches, and spoke with such effect that twenty thousand dollars were immediately raised for her chosen work, and McAll Auxiliaries were formed in many places which still keep up a permanent and active interest in this wonderful mission among the French people. On Thursday, January 17, 1884, Miss Beach embarked on board the steamer "City of Columbus" for Savannah, Ga., hoping that a milder climate might restore to her health, and her to her beloved mission. Before morning, the steamer was wrecked and the dear saint made swift passage to the Heavenly City where "they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

HOME MISSIONARY WORK.

As in former years, pupils of Abbot Academy sometimes found their way to various forms of Home Missionary work, so some of those who have come after them have trodden the same paths.

Miss Sarah C. Hervey, '56, spent more than eleven years, beginning in 1882, in Utah, teaching week days and Sabbath days, arranging for occasional preaching services and visiting from house to house.

Mary R. Ripley, '75, Julia P. Rockwell, '85 — Mrs. Sidney J. Roby — and Mary M. Gorton, '86 — Mrs. Frank W. Darling — taught in the Hampton Institute, Virginia, with the special approbation of General Armstrong, at whose direction Mrs. Darling and her mother also labored among the Assinaboine and Gros Ventres Indians, at the Fort Belnap Agency, Montana.

Frances S. Marrett, '85, has given the years since her graduation to teaching in the Perkins Institution for the Blind at South Boston; she is deeply interested in the deaf, dumb and blind. Of one of her published reports of Edith Thomas, Dr. Anagnos writes, "Miss Marrett is admirably fitted to tell the tale of her pupils' work and achievements, or failures, and she does this with such scrupulous care and strict adherence to facts that it is hardly possible to speak too highly of the attractiveness of her statements."

Mary Frances Walker, '80, is teaching in the State School for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind in Ogden, Utah, where she has shown special facility in the grade where the reasoning powers are first developed to take in abstract propositions.

LIBRARIANS.

Life in a library has strong attractions for some of Abbot's alumnae.

Sarah P. Barker, '70, is in the Nashua Public Library.

Catherine F. Crocker, '87, is in the Nevins Library, Methuen.

Ellen O. Walkley, '88, was in the Harvard College Library, and is now at the head of the East Boston branch of the Boston Public Library.

Kathleen E. Jones, '89, is in the Radcliffe College Library.

ARTISTS.

Most prominent among the alumnae of Abbot Academy who have made art a profession is Miss Emily A. Means, '69. The interim of nine years between her graduation and her return as a teacher was devoted to thorough study under the best teachers in Boston and Florence, Venice and Paris, where she was the pupil of Boulanger, Lefebvre and Couture; she gathered much from the galleries in England and Europe, guided by her own educated artistic spirit. Besides teaching painting and drawing in this school, she has always had her own private studio, and has kept in touch with artists in New York and Boston.

Miss Mary C. Wheeler, '66, spent six consecutive years in studying in Paris under M. Jaquesson de la Chevreuse and M. Raphael Collin, besides working in, or near, Paris regularly every summer. Her studios were established in Providence, R. I., in 1883, with a view of giving young ladies such preliminary instruction as is necessary to enter the Paris studios. Miss Wheeler spends her summers near Paris at Fontenay-aux-Roses, where she has leased a villa for a term of years, at which she furnishes pupils with the best instruction from French artists.

Miss H. Frances Osborne, '64, received her first lessons in painting in Abbot Academy, and afterwards studied in Boston, in the studios of Mr. Gerry, Miss Knowlton, Dr. Rimmer, and others. To her work of portrait-painting and studies from living models, she has added, with marked success, etching. Miss Osborne has been a member of the Boston Art Club for several years, and has sent pictures to their annual Exhibitions which have been very favorably noticed. Her studio is in Salem.

Caroline W. Hall, a daughter of John R. Hall, a Boston architect, and a pupil of Abbot Academy, received a medal from the Academy of Fine Arts in Milan, Italy, where she was one of four fortunate contestants in the school of landscape painting; her subject was taken from the grounds surrounding the home of Leonardo da Vinci.

Harriet Blake, '80, studied at the school of drawing and painting at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; in 1833-'34 she studied wood engraving in the studio of W. B. Closson, Boston, and remained with him, as his assistant, six years, working at wood-engraving, etching and mezzotint. She gave much time to assisting Mr. Closson to develop a new method of engraving, an invention of his own. Miss Blake took a scholarship in the portrait class at the Cowles Art School, Boston.

Annie M. Gilbreth,¹ '78, has cultivated her native talent for music, under the best instruction in this country and in Germany, where for a time she was a pupil of Liszt. She has established herself in her profession in Providence, R. I., where she teaches and occasionally gives interesting and instructive musical recitals.

PRINCIPALS OF SCHOOLS.

Mary C. Wheeler, '66, in connection with her studio, has established a school for girls, which has long been one of the popular institutions of Providence, R. I. It opened in 1889, and quickly rose to a high rank; while it fits pupils for college, it furnishes a thorough and broad course of study, and means of special culture to those who do not wish to go to college. Miss Caroline A. Bronson, '83, is upon Miss Wheeler's board of teachers.

Mary Robbins Hillard, '83, is the very successful Principal of St. Margaret's School in Waterbury, Connecticut.

¹ 1897. She is now Mrs. Annie Gilbreth Cross.

AUTHORS.

Abbot Academy maintains her brilliant reputation as a mother of authors. Added to the honor-roll of the first half-century, are the following names which have become household words in many homes.

Alice French, '68, whose pen name is "Octave Thanet," began to write before 1879, but her larger career and success lie this side of that date. Among her works are "Knitters in the Sun," "Expiation," "Otto the King," "An Adventure in Photography," and "Stories of a Western Town." She is a welcome contributor to the leading magazines and newspapers; she tells stories admirably, and discusses political economy and politics with strength and clearness, and never fails to see whatever drollery there is in a situation.

Anna Laurens Dawes, '70, finds the columns of our most influential newspapers open to her spicy discussions of topics of the times which are opportune and refreshing reading. Miss Dawes has published a very interesting booklet entitled "The Modern Jew: His Present and Future," "How we are Governed," also "Charles Sumner," in the "Makers of America." Heredity and environment have favored her successful treatment of these themes.

Anna Fuller, '72, has laid a large reading public under obligation by the charming books which she has written: they are "Pratt Portraits," characteristic of New England life, "A Literary Courtship," "Peak and Prairie," both located in Colorado, and "Venetian Life," where the pleasant experiences of a group of American travellers are set in an exquisite Venetian background. Miss Fuller is a keen observer of men and things and has a quick wit whose flashes are a constant entertainment.

Kate Douglas Smith Wiggin, '73, now Mrs. George C. Riggs, has acquired very great and deserved popularity.

She is the author of "The Story of Patsy," "The Birds' Christmas Carol," Timothy's Quest," "Polly Oliver's Problem," and "A Cathedral Courtship." The pathos and humor of her stories are irresistible. Mrs. Wiggin is much sought for among writers for magazines.

Lily Dougall, '84, has written "Beggars All," "What Necessity Knows," and "The Mermaid." The author loves to hide her plot in mystery and throw a weird light over the story, but she writes with power and her descriptions of scenery are graphic. She is welcomed by the magazines.

Edith Carpenter, '81—Mrs. Bond V. Thomas—is the author of "A Modern Rosalind," and "Lorenzo De Medici, a Historical Portrait."

WIVES OF CLERGYMEN.

Individual influence is often broadened by marriage; from the records of this period, naturally incomplete, we find that twenty-four, not including those already mentioned as wives of missionaries, have married ministers and made homes widely scattered throughout the States,—for example, Mrs. Rev. Charles H. Cutler—Sallie F. Ripley, lives in Bangor, Maine; Mrs. Rev. George H. Bird—Carrie E. Hall—in South Chicago; Mrs. Rev. C. H. Taintor—Augusta Billings, who with her husband is in the service of the Congregational Church Building Society, also lives in Chicago; and Mrs. Rev. William W. Leete—Sarah E. Rockwell, in Rockport, Illinois; Esther Goodridge—Mrs. Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, Boston; Emma Meacham—Mrs. Rev. William H. Davis, Detroit, Mich., and now in Newton, Mass.; Charlotte B. Blodgett—Mrs. Rev. William R. Richards, is in Plainfield, New Jersey; and Pauline Whittlesey—Mrs. Rev. Cornelius H. Patton—is in Duluth, Minn.; Henrietta M. Eaton—Mrs. Rev. John J. Blair, was the wife of the pastor of the South Church, Andover; Mary Cushman married Rev. John P. Coyle, North

Adams, Mass., afterward of Denver, Colorado; Mrs. Rev. Matthew C. Woods — N. Irwin Shaw — settled in Pennsylvania; Mrs. Rev. Edward S. Stone — Ellen C. Burt — in Vermont; Mrs. Rev. Washington H. Forbes — Jennie F. Abbott — in New Hampshire; Mrs. Rev. Sereno D. Gammell — Emma L. Porter — in Tallmadge, Ohio; Mrs. Rev. Sumner G. Wood — Emma F. Chadbourne — is in Easthampton, Mass.; Alice E. Gridley — Mrs. Rev. Pleasant Hunter — is in Minneapolis, Minn.; Grace I. Penfield — Mrs. Rev. Henry H. Wentworth, Goffstown, N. H.; Emma J. Lyon — Mrs. Rev. Charles E. Rice — Nebraska; Sarah McLellan Holmes — Mrs. Rev. E. Adriance, Pelham Manor, near New York.

WIVES OF TEACHERS.

A considerable number of the alumnae of Abbot Academy between '79 and '92 have identified themselves with the higher educational interests of our country by marrying officers of our colleges and universities, as follows:

Henrietta Learoyd, wife of Rev. W. G. Sperry, President of Olivet College, Michigan.

Caroline S. Flagg, wife of Professor Charles F. Emerson, Dartmouth, New Hampshire.

Mary G. Montgomery, teacher, wife of Rev. W. F. Slocum, President of Colorado College.

Josephine E. Richards, wife of Moses Clement Gile, Professor in Colorado College.

Ellen Wilbur married Isaac B. Burgess of the training school at Morgan Park, Ill., connected with the Chicago University.

Ida Peck Nettleton's husband is Professor Horace Fiske, Chicago.

Clarinda Swasey's husband is Professor Carl D. Buck, of the Chicago University.

Susie Chase is the wife of Rev. Charles Bradley, Professor in the Methodist Theological Seminary, at Evanston, Illinois.

Lucretia H. Kendall is the wife of Professor James E. Clark of the Friends School, York, England.

Mary E. V. Shearer married Balfour H. Van Vleck, scientist and teacher in Boston University, and in the Natural History rooms.

Anna C. Bronson married William Webster of the Chicago Manual Training School.

Helen H. Bowers married Edward N. Lovering, Master of the High School in Winchester, Mass.

Maria P. Hitchcock married F. J. Allen, Principal of the High School, Milford, New Hampshire.

Fraulein Victoria Heitmuller married Winthrop E. Stone, Professor in Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana.

WIVES OF LAWYERS AND GENTLEMEN CONNECTED WITH THE PRESS.

The following have married lawyers and gentlemen connected with the press :

Caroline E. Harnden, '61, is the wife of Col. Carroll D. Wright, Esq., who was appointed by Congress to the headship of the Labor Bureau, immediately upon its creation. He is charged with the collection of facts and figures upon the condition of labor, as a basis for intelligent legislation upon this subject.

Margaret Clarissa Shipman married Lorrin Thurston, Esq., Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

Mary E. Towle married Newell S. Wright, Esq., Detroit.

Nellie E. Abbot married Joseph H. Sawyer, Esq., Owatonna, Minnesota.

Mary Lyon Douglass is Mrs. Henry B. Macfarland of Washington. Mr. Macfarland is the Washington correspondent for the Boston Herald and for the Philadelphia Record; papers which reach more than a million readers.

Virginia Houghton Ricker married Mr. Henry Hall, one of the editors of the New York Tribune.

Harriet S. Hurd, teacher, married Samuel S. McClure, founder and editor-in-chief of McClure's Magazine.

Lillie A. Wilcox was herself upon the editorial staff of the Golden Rule. She is now Mrs. Charles Edward Miller.

WIVES OF PHYSICIANS.

Others have married physicians:

Frances A. Kimball is the wife of Hon. John K. Harlow, M. D., of Woburn, Massachusetts.

Lizzie Langley married Dr. William A. Gorton, superintending physician of the Butler Hospital, Providence, Rhode Island.

Nellie Barron is the wife of John B. Brainerd, M. D., of Boston.

Anna H. Swift is Mrs. Dr. J. F. Richards of Andover.

Abby F. Stearns is the wife of Dr. Frank W. Spaulding, of the medical staff at the Sanitarium at Clifton Springs, New York.

Edith Capron is Mrs. Dr. Charles A. Mooers of Lawrence.

Emily Swan is Mrs. Dr. Frederick H. Gerrish, Portland, Maine.

Corrie Bancroft is Mrs. Dr. Burnham R. Benner, Lowell.

Sarah B. Griggs is Mrs. Dr. Henry S. Knight, Worcester.

Ellen M. Mack is Mrs. Dr. Fred E. Cummings.

Rose Perkins is Mrs. Dr. L. M. Nason.

Addie Isabel Fogg is Mrs. Dr. George P. Perley of Cherokee, Iowa.

Nettie M. Heritage is Mrs. F. G. Warner, M. D., Antrim, New Hampshire.

NURSES.

Some of the Abbot Alumnae are themselves trained Nurses and Doctors, as follows:

Susanna W. Lyman, '79, Rose Standish Perkins, '81, and Elizabeth Florence Swift, '81, after their graduation from Abbot Academy, went through a thorough course of training, the first at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and the other two at the Worcester Hospital, to fit themselves for nurses.

Catherine E. Pritchard, '83, was graduated from the Woman's Medical College, New York, and had a successful practice in Nashua, New Hampshire, from whence she was called to the office of House Surgeon, New England Hospital, Boston.

Helen Bartlett, '74, has made personal scholarship a definite aim. During the years since she was graduated from Abbot Academy, she has not only maintained a high reputation as a teacher in Peoria, Illinois, but has carried along a great amount of extra study. In '82-'84 she went to Berlin and studied modern German language and literature with Frau Dr. Hempel. In '89 she gave up her position as teacher, and after a summer in the British Isles, settled down at Newnham College for lectures in English language and literature, but drifted back to Berlin to resume her study with Frau Dr. Hempel in modern German, and Anglo Saxon under the direction of Herr Max Sohrauer, Ph.D., of Berlin University. In '91, Miss Bartlett entered Bryn Mawr College, and after a year and a half received the degree of A. B. After a year of resident graduate work she received

the degree of A. M. and was awarded the Fellowship in English which provides five hundred and twenty-five dollars for a year's residence at Bryn Mawr. The next year, '94, she was awarded the American Fellowship of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. She then began to take examinations for Ph. D. which she received December fifth, 1895. The special subjects required were English language and literature and Teutonic, including Gothic, Old and Middle High German and Teutonic Philology; her thesis showing original research was on "The Metrical Division of the Paris Psalter." Miss Bartlett loves study for its own sake, but she kindly says "I am sure had Abbot not been just the sort of school it was, I should not have felt the impulse to carry on the cultivation of my mind."¹

¹1897. Miss Bartlett has been elected Dean of the Women and head of the German Department in Bradley Institute at Peoria, Illinois, which is connected with the Chicago University.

Miss Jane Lincoln Greeley, '84, was graduated from the Woman's Medical College in New York, in May, 1897, and Miss Marion Hinckley, '87, is still a member of that College.

XI.

FRENCH AND GERMAN PLAYS.

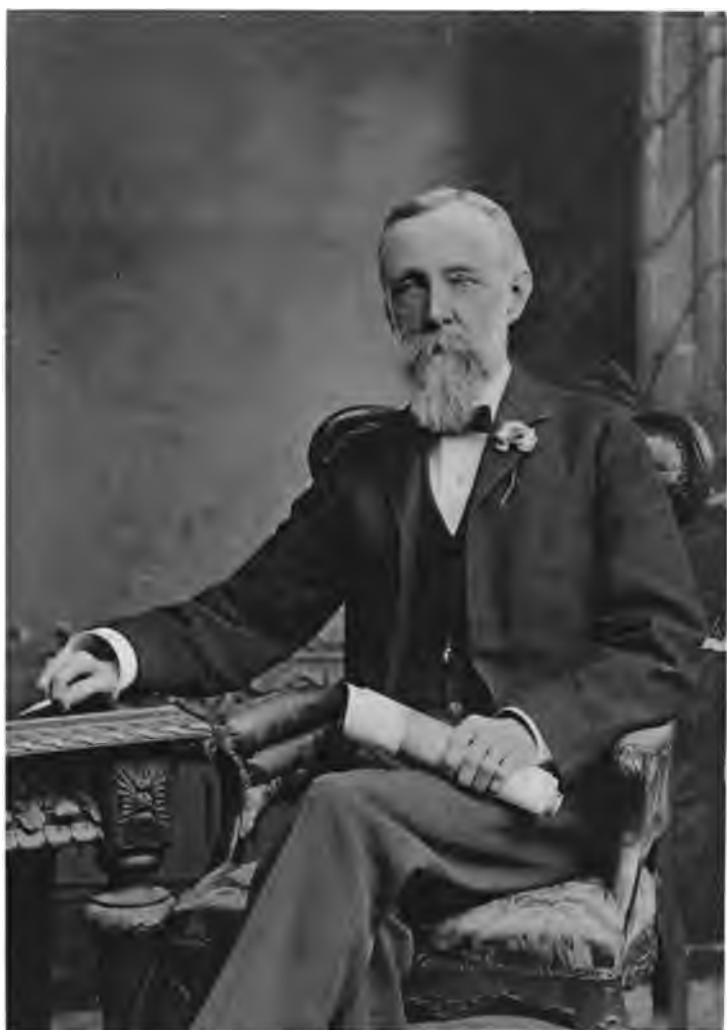
THE custom of annually giving a French or German play, furnished a pleasant diversion for ourselves and our friends, and has also proved to possess a lasting value. The young ladies thought it was play, but when the game was over, they found themselves possessors of a greatly enlarged vocabulary in which they had acquired some fluency. In presenting these plays Miss Merrill and the Misses Bode-meyer and Schiefferdecker have shown great patience and cleverness in the manipulation of the dramatic.

MUSICAL RECITALS.

The musical department which has uniformly maintained a high standard since Professor S. M. Downs took charge of it in 1860, loses nothing as the years go by, but keeps abreast with true progress in the musical world. It is, as it has been during the thirty-two years last past, a rare and incalculable advantage to pupils to have a teacher who not only works for a fine technique, but who is highly cultivated in the literature of music; whose prophetic ear interprets the dream of the composer, and who is able to tell it to those who heard the sound but did not catch the message.

Prof. Downs has brought some of the best music in Boston and New York to Andover in his annual series of Recitals begun in the winter of 1876 at his own financial risk and sometimes loss, which he submissively accepts, by reason of his love for the cause.

Among the artists so introduced to Abbot and to Andover audiences, are Perabo, Sherwood, Wulf Fries, Madeline Schiller, Baermann, Carl Faelton, Perry, Milles. Dousle,



Samuel M. Dennis.

Arthur Foote, Max Heinrich, Mrs. Max Heinrich, Mr. Lang, Fraulein Aus Der Ohe and Mrs. Henschel. An original variety was Mr. Krehbiel's lecture upon "The Precursors of the Piano," with illustrative music by Mr. Steinert, of which an interesting report is given in the Abbot Courant June, '92. These, and other distinguished artists, too numerous to be mentioned here, could not have been obtained for such service except through the influence of personal acquaintance with Prof. Downs. Unambitious, but very enjoyable Recitals have been given from time to time by Prof. Downs' pupils in the school, which have been a great credit to the department.

DRAPER READINGS.

Abbot Academy can boldly claim one advantage over any other school or college for young women in the land. It is the opportunity to receive lessons and drill in elocution from Professor J. W. Churchill; the only regret has been that his many engagements limited his service to us to the summer terms.

In addition to the instruction given to the whole school, through the liberality of Mrs. W. F. Draper, beginning in 1868, and continuing until 1892, special lessons were annually given to ten readers, chosen from the school and by the school, who, later, gave a public reading.¹

These annual Readings in Abbot Hall, under the training and direction of Professor Churchill, were eagerly attended by the school and invited guests whose numbers were limited only by size of the hall. The result of this training was marvellous; the teacher so impressed his own interpretations upon his class that the effect was sometimes akin to transfiguration. Does some one ask—"What is the use of training a pupil to read a single selection? is it not altogether artificial?" It is not; it is of great use to get the eyes

¹ See History of Abbot Academy, pages 91-92.

opened to the wealth of one passage which had been as a sealed book, and to learn the way to new treasures in literature. Professor Churchill is a skillful surgeon of the vocal organs, and the drill in the one selection was practice in the intelligent and sympathetic use of the voice. In many instances, his pupils have so carried out his directions after leaving school, as to find themselves rated higher as teachers, because of more than ordinary qualifications for teaching reading. Others have been able to help out charitable efforts by their recognized elocutionary talent. It was an irreparable loss to the school when Professor Churchill resigned his post of instruction in 1892, after having held it for twenty-five years.

STUDIO WORK.

One who is herself an artist and is thoroughly acquainted with the art department in Abbot Academy writes of the period which this record covers: "The instruction was of such a nature that the pupils were fitted to do real 'studio work' at once on leaving the school. The drill was so thorough and so practiced in the method of the best French and American Art Schools that, although a pupil had been able to give but little time to art, whatever she had done was in the line of true progress and enabled her to understand the methods of modern art study. No time was wasted on painting or drawing 'pretty things' simply because they were pretty, but the pupil was taught to see real beauty even in the most severe cast drawing; because truly to represent what one sees, is the key to the best art. Severe cast drawing, a rigid adherence to the study of true 'values' and correct 'modeling,' an effort to secure true effects in form and color by simple 'frank' work, were some of the results aimed at, and often gained.

The studio exhibitions were really artistic, and showed that the standard of work was high. Of course, Miss Means did very much to advance the standard; the new studios



John Wesley Churchill.

and fine equipment of casts and of 'still life' studies, and the frequent opportunities for 'life drawing,' or for 'out-door sketching,' all tended to help her to bring her classes into the desire to work, not as a pastime, but from a sincere love of the art. But it was Miss Means' own high ideal, that, after all, did more for the art pupils than studio equipments. After studying with her, girls were apt, not only to *paint* better, but to *be* better: and art was ennobled, when we were taught that a sincere effort to work 'As in His light' was as important in the studio as in the Ethics Class."

It would be impossible to over-estimate the value to the school of the fourteen plastic years during which the molding hand of Miss Emily A. Means was upon its art. It was with sincere sorrow that the Trustees accepted her resignation in 1892, and that the school submitted to her decision to make her home with her brother in Summit, New Jersey, where she would be constantly in touch with the art-life in New York.

THE ABBOT COURANT.

The Courant has completed its eighteenth volume and has earned an honorable reputation and well deserves the generous commendation which it receives. Its reading is dignified, intelligent, playful, and interesting. The racy personals and glimpses of daily life at school are very attractive to old scholars; beautiful illustrations are introduced as often as its subscription list allows. Its record of events has been an invaluable help in the writing of this history. The magazine deserves the support of the Alumnae of the school.

LECTURES.

While the regular routine of the curriculum at Abbot Academy has been constantly kept in the front, life here has had much enlargement through lectures from persons of distinction upon subjects of diverse and absorbing interest.

Most of these have, of course, been paid for, but the school has been the recipient of many favors from others, who have come to us as guests, bringing choice gifts. Some of the lectures which have been valuable means of culture, and which are recalled as included in the review which we are making, are the following:

Astronomical lectures by Professor Charles A. Young, LL. D., whose news from the stars has ever a fresh fascination for us.

A course of lectures upon English Literature by Rev. James G. Vose, D. D., through the liberality of our good trustee, Mr. George Ripley,

Lectures from the Rev. J. T. Duryea, D. D., upon Ethics and Grounds of Belief.

Miss Kate Sanborn's lecture, entitled "Spinster Authors of England" and "Pets of Authors."

Professor Eaton of Middlebury College upon Greece.

President Washburn of Robert College upon Constantinople.

A course of very interesting and instructive lectures upon Greek Art, by Mr. Thomas Davidson, who also took the Senior Class to visit the Greek Rooms in the Art Museum, Boston, and gave us a lecture there.

Mr. James T. Fields kindly spoke to us upon the Brownings with readings from their works; the great interest awakened was enhanced by knowing that the lecturer had personal acquaintance with the authors.

Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs has brought the school under great obligation not only by the high quality of her lectures, but by the liberal terms on which she has often given them to us; repeatedly she has lectured as 'a benefit' to the Art library and her name is inscribed as donor in many a coveted book. Her course upon "English Cathedrals" is an

authority upon the development of Gothic architecture and its historical associations. Charmed by the treatment of the subject and fascinated by the fine views which are thrown upon the canvas in generous profusion, the hearer follows the leader through a Cathedral pilgrimage and really believes that he has been there. The popular lecture upon "George Eliot" has a personal interest; for, introduced by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mrs. Downs was invited to call upon the distinguished author in her home, where she saw her personally and socially as Mr. and Mrs. Lewes received their friends. The lecture entitled "Concord, Massachusetts,—Its Men and its Women," makes hearers at home with those whom they have been accustomed to revere afar off. Concord was once the residence of Mrs. Downs. Two very attractive lectures are those upon "Sir Edwin Landseer," and "Child Life in Art;" the second is charmingly illustrated by the stereopticon. Tickets were sold to "A Description of a Recent Visit to Washington and Mount Vernon," to relieve the Abbot Courant from one of its attacks of financial despondency. Mrs. Downs has been a long-time and valued friend of Abbot Academy.

At the suggestion of Professor Park, Mr. John B. Gough gave us one of his incomparable lectures by which \$131.00 were raised for the enlargement of our Art library and his name is inscribed in many costly art books which we could never have had except for his kindness.

Professor John Phelps Taylor has lectured to us upon Egypt; Doctor Selah Merrill upon Jerusalem; Mrs. Dr. Selah Merrill has spoken of her visit to the tomb of Machpelah, and life in Jerusalem.

Mrs. Kate Tryon has given us a lecture upon the birds of New England.

Mr. John Alden, chemist of the Pacific Mills, Lawrence, has repeatedly taken the classes in Chemistry to the mills, and given them practical lessons there, which have been very useful to them.

Lieutenant A. V. Wadhams gave the school an original and interesting talk upon the U. S. Navy, which proved to be the beginning of a very successful career as a lecturer upon this theme, and which has been repeated with great acceptance in widely scattered places.

Mrs. Joseph Cook gave us a charming lecture upon Hindostan, generously illustrated by the stereopticon, which showed us tombs and temples and the Moorish Mohamedan and Indian architectures which we call Oriental. Among the most interesting of her pictures were the mausoleum at Agra, known as the Taj; the mausoleum of Akbar at Secundra and the Mosque at Delhi. The speaker was not only fluent and graceful, but also very kind, for she gave the lecture to help the Abbot Courant out of a debt with which it was then struggling.

Mr. George Makepeace Towle, in the generosity of his heart, offered to give us three lectures, the proceeds of which were to go to the Building Fund. His subjects were Gladstone, Bismarck, and Great Modern Inventors. The lectures were given to crowded and attentive audiences in Abbot Hall. An interesting report of the separate lectures is given in the Abbot Courant, June, 1887. Mr. Towle's handsome gift was two hundred dollars.

Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., gave us a very important and interesting lecture upon the mosque of St. Sophia, for which he is perhaps better qualified than perhaps any other person, having made it a study during many years of residence in Constantinople.

The location of Abbot Academy has always secured to it special religious advantages. The pastors of the various churches in Andover and Lawrence, and the professors in the Theological Seminary, have habitually responded with cordiality to requests to speak to us at our weekly Saturday evening meeting. On the day of Prayer for Colleges and

schools, Dr. MacKenzie, Dr. Webb, Dr. A. J. Gordon, Dr. Plumb, Mr. H. F. Durant and others from Boston, Salem and elsewhere, have repeatedly come to us in the power of the Holy Spirit. We have been directly in the way of the visits of distinguished ministers and missionaries from far and near, who were guests of the Theological Seminary. Many heroic Christian women have come to us whose presence brought a blessing.

XII.

GIFTS TO ABBOT ACADEMY BETWEEN THE YEARS 1879-'92.

FRIENDS have been very kind to the school; we gladly record some of the many gifts received, and wish we knew that the list is complete; we assure friends that their generosity is fully appreciated, and that contributions to our museum are well cared for.

Let us learn a lesson from Venice. Every ship that left her shores, every traveler who wandered to other lands, every Venetian wherever he might be, was expected to remember San Marco; and he did. The church is encased with bits of mosaic, odd slabs of marble and alabaster, scraps of carving, remnants of capitals, fragments of sculpture and blocks of colored stones, brought by many hands from ruins of temples and desolate palaces along the shores of Italy, Asia Minor, Athens, Constantinople and the islands of the sea, to enrich the beauty of their beloved church.

If every old scholar would bring some souvenir to her Alma Mater, from her travels in this country and over the seas, the collection would have rare interest and would be a permanent monument to the love and loyalty of the alumnae. The cost to each would be next to nothing.

Thoughtfulness, not money, is needed to build up a museum in Abbot Academy.

Mr. John Byers gave a fine megalethoscope with sixty photographs adapted to the instrument. It came as "A loan to Abbot Academy for nine hundred and ninety-nine years."

From Miss Anna L. Dawes, '70, a cartoon of one of the panels which form the frieze of the rotunda in the capitol at

Washington. The series represents single scenes of special importance in American history: the work was designed and partly executed by the distinguished Italian artist Brumidi. The cartoon sent to the school is supposed to be taken from the battle of Lexington.

Mrs. Myron Winslow gave to Abbot a beautiful map of Palestine, drawn in ink by her own hands, for which she received a diploma and silver medal from the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. It is highly valued here not only for its usefulness and beauty but as a memorial of Mrs. Winslow, who has long been a good friend to the school. She also gave four framed pictures of views of Athens.

Miss Jane Sargent, '60, who died November 26, 1881, left by her will one hundred dollars to Abbot Academy.

A portfolio of beautiful colored Japanese pictures came from Abbot's missionary daughters in Japan.

Miss Belle Smith, '83, sent a collection of minerals from New Mexico and Colorado.

From Miss Alice Bird, '83, a collection of birds' eggs and nests; also a little box of Lebanon fossils; a tear bottle and lamp from an old Phœnician tomb; and thirty specimens of flowers of Palestine, beautifully pressed and mounted on tinted boards, with references to chapter and verse in Bible.

From Marion Keene, '84, facsimile copies of the "Warrant for the Execution of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots;" the "Declaration of Independence of the United States of America;" and "Specimens of writing from the time of Richard II to Elizabeth."

Mrs. Baldwin, of Foochow, China, presented an interesting collection of moths and butterflies.

Rev. Edward Kirk Rawlinson, Chaplain U. S. N., presented the school with a valuable specimen of Peruvian pottery of ancient date with the following inscription: "It is a water-jar taken from a burial mound, and is the drinking cup of a deceased person, which, together with a little

coca and an ear of corn furnish food and drink for the last journey to the spirit-land."

Webster's International Dictionary came from Mrs. Mary E. Dow Scott, '60.

The "Life of John Singleton Copley," written by Mrs. Martha Babcock Amory, granddaughter of the artist, was presented by her husband, Mr. Charles Amory.

A Korean dress for a woman was sent to our museum by Mrs. Harriet Gibson Heron, '81, from Korea, by the hand of Rev. Edward G. Porter.

From Miss McKeen a scarf of white silk with knotted fringe, made by Hajie Haddad, a pupil in Miss Sarah Ford's school in Sidon, and the note of presentation to Miss McKeen.

"MY BELOVED LADY :

After seeking your honored pleasure and inquiring after your peace, if you honor me by asking after my health, I am, to God be praise, in all soundness and health, of which I hope the perpetuity to your honored ladyship of honored attributes.

I will state that I have been in the school four years, and we now learn, with Miss Ford in the Book of the Harmony of the Gospels. We recite every day except Saturday and Sunday. . . . There is a meeting for women at Mrs. Ford's house on Thursday, and a meeting for the boys every day at noon; and we have a meeting, too, for searching into the Holy Scriptures.

One day I asked of my lady, Miss Ford, work, and she gave me silk, to make for your ladyship a necktie of knotted work, and she showed me your picture which is with her. I hope from you that you will pray for me and for all of the girls, if you please. This is what is necessary, and may you remain, and may the Lord preserve you.

The petitioner, your pupil,

HAIJE HADDAD.

From Sidon Seminary.

We are indebted to Rev. M. L. Gordon, M. D., of Japan, for a very rich addition to the Herbarium of Abbot Academy. The specimens of Japanese ferns, in number about one hun-

dred, are beautifully mounted, and with one or two exceptions classified and named, and are ready for work. They were gathered, mostly, upon the sacred mountain of Hiezan, near Kioto. This sacred mountain is famous, not only for its shrines and temples, but for its venerable and beautiful coniferous trees. Those near the temples shared their sanctity and were never touched by the axe; consequently they afford many nooks at differing altitudes, where ferns come to unusual perfection. This is a rare gift.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Minnie E. Lewis Scholarship, \$1,000, begun in '78, was completed in '82, through the liberality of her uncle, Rev. George E. Street, her brothers, and other near relations. By this permanent and fitting memorial, a beautiful life once lived in Abbot Academy, is continued here, not only as a precious memory and a glorified vision, but as a ministering spirit. To be greeted by a long procession of grateful school girls helped by her to a firmer foothold and a broader horizon, must add somewhat to the joy of even a citizen of heaven.

The Abby W. Boyd Scholarship, \$1,000, is a legacy left by Mrs. Sarah C. Boyd "as a memorial of a beloved daughter" who was graduated in '62, leaving a bright record of herself in the school.

The "Rice Scholarship" of \$1,000, was given in 1888, by Miss Maria D. Chaffin, '46, in memory of her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Rice Chaffin, and her uncle, John P. Rice.

The "Andover Scholarship," \$2,000, was given by Mrs. Helen G. Coburn in 1892, and is limited to Andover pupils.

Towards the "Richards Scholarship" Mrs. Mary Ann Richards has paid \$475.96, and hopes to complete the sum of \$1,000.

The Phebe Fuller McKeen Scholarship, \$2,500, is the gift of teachers and pupils and friends in memory of her work and life in Abbot Academy. Its use is limited to Seniors.

Another endowment contemplated was that of the Chair of Literature, which had long been Miss Phebe's special department of instruction. The amount of this fund is now \$1,252.02. Perhaps some who see this statement, moved by memories of happy hours spent with authors under her enthusiastic leading, may complete, or at least add to this endowment.

From Mary S. Abbott, '74, a legacy of \$50.

From Mr. William Hilton of Boston, \$10,000. This legacy was received in 1888, with instructions to keep it separately, as the "Hilton Endowment Fund," of which "the income may be applied as the Trustees may deem best to promote the objects of the Institution. Mr. Hilton's interest in this school was natural, since he was a native of Andover, his wife was an alumna of Abbot Academy, and Professor Park, the President of its Board of Trustees, was his personal friend.

Abbot Academy gratefully recognizes in Mr. and Mrs. Warren F. Draper bountifully liberal benefactors; their giving has been unremitting, until it has reached the sum of about \$70,000.

Although a part of their benefaction falls beyond 1892, it seems fitting that reference to the whole should be made here for the sake of historical completeness. Altogether about seventy thousand dollars have been given in real and personal estate, of which twenty-five thousand were contributed to the building fund of Draper Hall, one thousand to found a scholarship, one thousand in support of annual readings, under the direction of Professor Churchill, smaller sums for various objects from time to time, and recently three pieces of real estate in Andover and Somerville have been added.

While for more than twenty years Mr. Draper has held the office of Treasurer he has also acted as general superintendent of the material interests of the school, and by his watchful care and time so freely given he has rendered

valuable service to the institution. At the solicitation of many friends Mrs. Draper has recently presented to the school a fine oil portrait of her husband; it is three-quarters length, life size, and represents him sitting; the picture is handsomely framed in gilt. It is a fine likeness of a face set in snow-white hair and beard which can not be forgotten by those who have seen it, or shall see it in this speaking portrait in the years to come.

It was painted by Miss Angelica S. Patterson, who was a pupil of Abbott Thayer and of Douglas Volk in New York, and who also studied in Paris at the Julien Academie, and with the Fleming, Alfred Stevens. Miss Patterson's pictures were accepted at the Salon there.

Thus the portrait stands for the faithful, liberal Trustee whom it so well represents, and also for the skill of the artist who succeeds Miss E. A. Means in studio art instruction in Abbot Academy.

THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

The reports of the Secretary from '79-'92 show that it was a period of vigorous health. At the Semi-Centennial many new names were enrolled upon its books, a list which continued to grow until, in '92, its membership counted four hundred and three.¹ Its constitution requires that the annual meeting shall be upon Anniversary day. In 1887, a midwinter meeting was held in Boston, which has since been repeated with the return of the season.

The Alumnae Association has been a true daughter to her Alma Mater; she has been progressive, alert and wise.

The first direct effort towards the Building Fund was made in the Association.

The Semi-Centennial Catalogue was started there by the appointment of a committee to effect it.

The Phebe Fuller McKeen Scholarship—although started

¹ It is now, 1897, 460.

by Miss Sarah Jenness — was carried forward by the Alumnae Association.

It acted with the school in preparations for the Housewarming; and on that day, the president and secretary were upon the reception committee.

At the Semi-Centennial they presented the school with Osgood's portrait in oil, of Professor Park, copied by Miss Emily A. Means.

Upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of Miss McKeen's coming to Andover in 1859, the Alumnae Association presented the school with portraits in oil, of her and her sister. Miss McKeen's was painted by Mr. Edgar Parker of Boston and Miss Phebe's is the work of Miss Emily A. Means of Andover.

The Association petitioned the trustees to add women to their board, and it was granted.

Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler was the originator of the Abbot Club, but the older organization gave it an impulse and large patronage.

The Association has given two beautiful Lawn Parties, in '86 and '92. For the first over a thousand invitations were sent; many replies enclosed more money than was needed for the ticket, thus giving the means of providing more liberally for the pleasure of the guests. Miss Mabel Wheaton and Mrs. Sarah Abbott Shirrell were a very efficient committee. The whole picture, from the canopy at the corner of Smith Hall under which the committee received the throng of gentlemen and ladies upon the lawn and under the old oak tree, the flowers, the refreshments, the music, the exquisite souvenir,—a poem written for the occasion by Miss Elizabeth Chadbourne and decorated by snatches of our own scenery, etched by Miss Harriet Blake,—the greetings, the lovely scenes, bounded upon the west and glorified by an Andover sunset,—all this left no regret; it is a satisfied memory. Place shall be given here to the

GROVE POEM.

BY MISS CHADBOURNE.

Nature keeps holiday,
Softly the breezes play
O'er field and hill.
Come rest beneath the shade
Of Abbot's leafy glade.—
Bid Time stand still!

Lift up fond memories' glass,—
See vanished days repass,
Hear voices sweet.
Friendship was dear in youth,
Dearer its ties, in truth,
As now we meet.

First, 'twas as a silken thread,
But as the swift years sped,
It turned to gold.
Hail Friendship! With thy spell
Tested and tried full well
Our hearts enfold!

But see — the hours fly!
Turn to the sunset sky
So glorious bright!
Softly doth twilight fall
List to the thrushes' call
As fades the light.

Farewell, it seems to sing,
Time must be on the wing,
Parting is near.
Brighter than sunset gates,
Heaven's fair portal waits,
Tarry not here!

Like a good genius, the Alumnae Association has watched the needs of the school and so far as her income allows, has supplied them.

In 1883 she sent to Paris for models of the heart and brain; since then, she has given the Trouvelot Astronomical Drawings, at a cost of sixty dollars; microscopes; chemical

apparatus; French, German and Art books; etchings; Poole's Index; the Century Dictionary; casts for the studios, and many other helps.

Plans had been forming before '92 to card-catalogue the library, but it was not accomplished until a little later, a long and laborious work, accomplished and paid for by the Alumnae Association.

If the old scholars could only realize that the entrance fee of five dollars, put upon interest, accomplishes so much for the school, they would allow nothing to hinder them from joining this Association: with the annual income, they would make a yearly gift to the school which would be perpetual.

THE ALUMNAE AUXILIARY FUND.

This was started by Mrs. Henry B. F. Macfarland in 1881. At the meeting of the Alumnae Association she made an earnest and eloquent appeal to those present to volunteer a pledge of money, according to individual ability, to be paid annually to assist the teachers in the instruction of the school, leaving it to their judgment how it should be appropriated, year by year. She met a favorable response, and has been at the trouble to collect these sums and pay them over to the school. Through this fund pupils have been furnished with many valuable and interesting lectures; thanks to Mrs. Macfarland!

ABBOT ACADEMY CLUB.

This club was founded in 1892 by Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler, '60, who was chosen its first president. "The object of this club," as declared in its constitution, "shall be to promote social intercourse among its members, to present and to discuss papers upon current events, literature, art and music, and to arouse an increasing interest in Abbot Academy."

Its meetings are held at the Parker House, Boston, on the first Saturday of each month from November to April, inclusive.

Teachers, pupils and matrons of Abbot Academy, both past and present, may become members by the payment of one dollar annually, the Treasurer's receipt being the certificate of membership. Of course the membership is somewhat fluctuating. The meetings have been well attended; the after-dinner literary exercises are well sustained and the social hour following, is the best of all; old friendships are renewed and the bond which binds us to Abbot Academy is strengthened.

In '96, under the presidency of Mrs. Harriet A. Baldwin, '59, the Abbot Club furnished the new Infirmary in Draper Hall; with its delicious beds, warm blankets and immaculate linen, its soft rugs and comfortable seats, its Morris reclining-chair, its beautiful glass cabinet well stored with dainty china, glass and silver, pictures upon the walls and a pretty eight-day clock upon the mantel, and other things beautiful and useful too numerous to mention, it seems as if nothing more could be asked by the most exacting nurse, or by the jealous affection of the most dainty mother.

HELEN KELLER.

In May, 1891, we had a memorable visit. I had written to Miss Frances F. Marrett, '85, who is teaching in the Perkins Institution for the Blind in South Boston, inviting her to visit me and to bring with her Helen Keller and Miss Sullivan, Helen's constant companion and personal teacher. To our great joy they came, and it was the day of days to the school. Helen was cordial, frank, unaffected, refined, intelligent and charming. Soon after getting settled with Miss Sullivan, in the Memorial Guest Room, she came to me in the McKean Rooms: she was interested in the story of the rooms, built by the gift of old scholars, and gladly availed herself of permission to examine the walls with her hands, after which she seemed to be as familiar with the architectural

plan and devices as if she could see. She was eager to learn what she could of the life in Abbot Academy. As teachers and scholars came in to see her, she remembered them individually in conversation, and recognized them as she met them afterward. It was pathetic to see her in the music-room to which we resorted for her entertainment, for she is very fond of music.

There she sat in silence and darkness, the centre of a great group of girls, the room flooded with electric light, with one hand upon the key-board, her foot keeping time to whatever music was played. If it was a song, she touched her fingers to the throat of the singer, and enjoyed the tones.

In the cast room she went about laying her hands upon the different works of art and called many of them by name. She had been accustomed to seeing Niobe in a group and did not immediately recognize the bust. As she passed her fingers over the face, she said reverently, "Sorrow." She stood in a chair and felt of the bust of Jupiter, and instantly exclaimed, "It is Zeus!" Many of the Andover friends, by invitation, came in to call upon them. Perfectly self-possessed, and yet with the simplicity of a child, she entertained them, leading the conversation with perfect naturalness. She told of her recent visit to Concord and Lexington; she grew sad as she spoke of the battles, and exclaimed, "Was it not dreadful for men to kill each other so?" But instantly, she added, "I am glad the brave minute-men were not afraid to die when it was their duty to fight." Several of the friends brought her flowers; a Jack-in-the-pulpit surrounded by violets, she spoke of as the floral preacher to whose sweet sermon the audience of violets was giving glad attention. In another bouquet was a Jack-in-the-pulpit and she said that "all of the other flowers ought to come and hear Jack preach." She placed her hand upon his head and remarked that he was "not so big as Mr. Brooks in his pulpit." When some one suggested that Jack

South Boston, June 10, 1891.

My dear Miss McKen,

You must not think that because your little friend has not written to you sooner that she has forgotten you or the beautiful time she had at Abbot Academy. It is only that I have had a great many letters to write, and I knew that you would wait patiently for your letter. I often speak of our visit to Andover and of the kind friends whom we met there. How beautiful it is that when we have enjoyed something very much we can always treasure it in our memories! It seems to me that our minds are like museums where everything we have known and loved is kept for our enjoyment. And I am sure the grand museums at Rome and Florence are not nearly so wonderful as the Mind-museums which hold our treasures.

We are going to leave this dear city and our many, many loved friends on the twenty-second of June. I am so eager to see my darling little sister and my mother and father that I can hardly wait patiently for the days to fly by, but the many pleasant things which happen every day keep my heart so full of gladness that there is no room in it for impatience. I hope that when we return in the Autumn that we shall see you again; and I hope your summer will be full of happiness. Please give my love to all my Andover friends, and if you see Mrs. Downs please tell her that I thank ^{her} very much for the invitation to the musicale, and I was sorry I could not be present. Teacher sends her kind remembrances.

With much love and a kiss
From your little friend
Helen A. Keller.

was not a bishop yet, she replied, "No, neither is Mr. Brooks yet — he is only elected." One lady handed her a beautiful narcissus; as soon as she had touched it, she related the story of Narcissus in love with his own shadow in the fountain, and, flinging her arms around Miss Sullivan's neck, she ended with, "and he was changed into this flower." She gently shook a bunch of lilies of the valley, and asked if we heard the music of the bells. At our Saturday afternoon Hall exercise, Miss Marrett told the school of their methods of teaching the blind, Miss Sullivan meanwhile communicating to Helen what she said. When she had finished, to the great surprise of her teachers, Helen rose and going to the front of the platform said, "I would like to speak to my friends;" and this is what she said: "Dear girls at Abbot, I want to thank you for kindness to me. I have enjoyed my visit very much. I am sure my mother will thank you too. The world seems to me full of love and kindness, and God has written His goodness all over the walls of nature. I wish you would all come to South Boston to see me, and then you can see Tommy."

As she lifted her sightless eyes to heaven in praise for this goodness and love, the eyes of her audience were blinded with tears and some sobbed aloud.

We were drawn into close sympathy with Miss Sullivan and Miss Marrett, whose devotion to the care and instruction of the blind awakened our warm admiration and desire to live more worthily.

About a month later I received the accompanying letter from Helen Keller.

XIII.

In discouragement and weariness during the long reign of chaos and of struggling for building funds, in 1888, I sent my resignation to the trustees, thinking that some change might start the wheels which seemed so hopelessly rutted. Their reply was as follows :

Miss Philena McKeen,

DEAR MADAM:— The undersigned, being a committee appointed by the Trustees of Abbot Academy to consider and report upon your letter, resigning your office as Principal of the Institution, take the liberty of addressing to you this note, and requesting you to withdraw the letter, which you were induced, by the state of your health, to send to the Trustees. We think that your health has so decidedly improved, that a principal reason for your resigning your office has now disappeared. It seems to us that the present state of the Seminary presents a convincing reason for your remaining in the office which you have so long held and honored. The Academy is now in a crisis and needs the aid of your reputation, as well as your large experience. You have firmly established yourself in the confidence of the community and the Seminary would receive a disastrous shock if you should now leave the chair of the Principal. We would not present these reasons for your retaining the chair, if we supposed that your health would suffer by so doing; but we gladly believe that it will not suffer, and that a kind Providence has signally blessed the means which you have adopted for regaining your former strength. We have thus expressed, very frankly, our reasons for requesting you to reconsider your proposal to leave the place which you have adorned for so many years. In the hope that you will still permit the Academy to enjoy the benefit of your talent, skill and fidelity, we beg leave to subscribe ourselves,

With high respect, your friends and servants,

EDWARDS A. PARK,
W. F. DRAPER,
J. W. CHURCHILL.

ANDOVER, OCTOBER 16, 1888.

It was most fortunate for me that my courage was thus rallied by my friends the Trustees ; otherwise, I should have lost four of the most interesting and exhilarating and satisfactory years of my life.

A later communication was on this wise.

ANDOVER, JUNE 16, 1891.

To the Honorable Board of Trustees of Abbot Academy.

DEAR FRIENDS: — We have spent our first school year in Draper Hall and have found it good to be here. The building is admirably adapted to its use ; it is spacious, beautiful and convenient. The influence of these generous arrangements and tasteful appointments is good. They make our pupils grateful to you for their pleasant home-life here ; make them proud of this school ; and cultivate in them quiet, refined ways, as befitting their environments. It would be useless to try to express the advantage which has come to the school through our new house.

Some things will require your attention during the vacation." After an enumeration of items,—“These you will consider and provide for, as you may think wise, and now, my dear friends, I come to the last item.

You will need to provide a new Principal for September, eighteen hundred ninety-two, as I cannot remain longer than through the coming year. I shall be very happy to stay that time, if the Lord wills. I wish the debt might be paid within that period, and that all of the hindrances to the best success of the school might be removed and its patronage be increased to the extent of its accommodations. Let us try, all together and earnestly, to accomplish this within the next twelve months.

Very sincerely yours,

PHILENA McKEEN.

It had been one thing to think of my separation from the school as probably somewhere in the near future, but it was now quite another, to know that I had fixed the date which every passing month was bringing nearer. The term just closing was to be my last fall term and the next would be my last winter term, and the summer term — how could I begin that, and alas ! how meet the end of it ! But the days came, bringing full measure of congenial work, and went, freighted with new reasons for gratitude.

The most notable event of the year was "The McKeen Breakfast," of which a careful history was prepared at the time by Miss Maria S. Merrill and Professor J. W. Churchill. Fortunately this is available for record here as an interesting part of the history of the school.

The programme for the occasion was daintily printed upon broad satin ribbon of choice colors, upon one fold of which was the likeness of Miss McKeen, over which was the motto, "We were, we are, and always shall be her pupils." Upon the reverse fold of the ribbon was a lovely picture of the group of Abbot Academy buildings. It was a pretty souvenir of a bright festival.

The McKeen Breakfast.

Hotel Vendome, . . . Boston, Mass.

April 9, 1892.

PROGRAMME.

SINGING, DOXOLOGY, BY THE ASSEMBLY.

GRACE, REV. ARTHUR LITTLE, D. D.

The Breakfast.

POST-PRANDIAL EXERCISES.

OPENING ADDRESS BY PROF. CHURCHILL.

Alumnae of Abbot Academy, Teachers, Pupils, and Friends
of the Institution:

From what my eyes can see and what my ears have heard from this high vantage ground of observation, I infer that the season of deeds has passed and that the time for words has come.

But why the initial word should come from masculine lips is a mystery. For this is most emphatically a Woman's Festival. I cannot help thinking how admirably the duties of the chair would be performed by the brilliant Alumna from Washington, who has inherited the very genius of public assemblies, and whose forcible and racy English as we have seen it in the periodical literature of the day would have given the needed vigor and piquancy to this "feast of reason and flow of soul." What better Autocrat of this Breakfast-Table could be named than the President of the Alumnae Association, whose graceful and impressive presence would so adorn the position, and whose clear head would guide the events of the hour to a most successful issue?

But you have seen fit to pass by gifted women like these, and have honored an obscure associate of the Faculty in your choice of Master of Ceremonies. Doubtless, his peculiar function in the curriculum of instruction suggested, in Virgilian phrase, his only qualification for the position,— "*Vox, et præterea, nihil*," which means, as an Abbot Academy girl assures me, *Voice, and nothing else*.

Unfortunately, I have not the felicity of being an Alumna of Abbot Academy; the Constitution and By-Laws of the Institution have made *that* an impossibility. But, happily, I am next to an Alumna. The blesseddest providence that ever came into my life came to me through the gates of Abbot Academy. I am an Alumna *by marriage*. Let us say, then, that you have simply asked your brother-in-law to lend you his stronger voice to direct these post-prandial festivities.

Seriously and sincerely, I thank you for the distinction. I count it a high privilege to join with you in rendering this richly deserved tribute to the revered and beloved guest of this festal hour; and, in saying this, I know that I am only echoing the heartfelt sentiment of many another appreciative brother-in-law in this happy family gathering.

This is a woman's festival, indeed. The gracious inspiration that has brought us together is a woman's happy thought. The women who compose the Alumnae Association have become sponsors of the project. The vital interest of the hour centres in a woman. The "McKeen Breakfast" is no longer "A Dream of Fair Women," but a delightful reality.

This accomplished success, it is but simple justice to say, is due solely to the untiring efforts of the committee that has organized and administered this unique affair to its happy conclusion. This committee originated the idea; the committee has carried it into execution in its minutest details with consummate energy, invention, taste and skill, down to the present moment.

This committee has a communication to make. It requires the whole committee to make it. I am proud to present the whole committee as the "committee of the whole," in the person of an alumna who will hereafter be remembered in the annals of Abbot Academy as "The famous committee of one."

I give you the sentiment:

ONE OF A THOUSAND,—

MRS. LAURA WENTWORTH FOWLER, OF THE CLASS OF '60.

Members of the Board of Trustees, Alumnae, Pupils and
Friends of Abbot Academy: —

I cannot express to you my gratification at your hearty response to the call to come up hither to-day, to honor our beloved Miss McKeen. I trust the occasion will be one of great pleasure and happy retrospect.

It seems necessary to afflict you with a few words of preamble, before we open the love-feast in store for us, but they shall be brief as possible.

At the meeting of the Alumnae Association in June, 1891, I was appointed a committee to take steps towards the

organization of an Abbot Academy Alumnae Association of Boston and vicinity. As the months rolled by, and I began to devise ways and means towards that end, it occurred to me that the time was ripe for such a gathering as we have here to-day, and for such an expression of love towards, and appreciation of one who has been so much to us, as we are uniting in to-day. From the moment of that conviction, though no steps toward making this a success have been spared, the commission has not been lost sight of. I shall, however, at this time, merely beg the very large number of Abbot girls in Boston and its suburbs, who have materialized during this effort, that when bidden to form such an association, at whose annual or semi-annual gatherings, as at this to-day, we may glory in and perpetuate the work of Alma Mater, they will cordially respond, and assist Abbot Academy to take the public place it deserves among the schools and colleges of the state, which its modesty has thus far prevented it from doing.

In corresponding with various Alumnae with a view to forming a committee, I found them, though pleased with the plan and eager to participate in such a gathering, too much occupied with cares and duties to give time to the necessary work. I then concluded I was to be vouchsafed a foretaste of the millenium, one feature of which I have long contended will be committees of one, and I immediately determined to be a committee, and resolved myself into one at once. I have proved my position, for this committee has been in consultation during the past two months, by day and by night, and without friction, without dictation, without submission and discussion of details, it has been allowed to perform this work of love for a beloved teacher and for Alma Mater.

I think I have stirred Abbot Academy up from its foundations, having written more than five hundred letters, addressed fifteen hundred circulars, and replied to every letter of inquiry. I only trust there is not sitting under the

droppings of the Vendome, some Abbot girl who has not heard that a breakfast is being given to-day in Miss McKeen's honor.

My persistence, in some cases, I fear, may have been an annoyance, as one of the victims, to be heard from later, wrote; "You ought to have been a missionary, for if you could not have converted the heathen in one way, you would have succeeded in another." I am not sure I would have dared teach other than the regulation Andover theology of my time, though I might have been tempted had that failed. I have to acknowledge the kindness of Professor Downs, my successor at the Academy, who has done so much for its music department during the past thirty-two years, for furnishing music to-day; of Miss Floretta Vining of '67, for furnishing and arranging flowers; and of Mr. Mortimer B. Mason, a member of the Board of Trustees, for a generous donation which has made it possible to provide the souvenir menus. The great, and I am sorry to say late demand for tickets, made it necessary for a second order, and a few are remaining, which can be obtained, by the absent, at cost.

It is but just, and I am sure it will be a pleasure, to listen to words from those who, though absent, greet us to-day, and if you will please consider that they are speaking to you, I shall feel much more at ease than if I were supposed to be monopolizing time. When I assure you that I have pressed into ten minutes what promised at first to occupy two hours, you will surely bear with me.

Of the more than three thousand Abbot girls there are many prevented from being with us, and who are now realizing the truth expressed by Clara Potter Hopkins in the words "No one can ever know what a trial it will be not to be with you." Very many Abbot girls whose lives as women are burdened with cares and sorrow, write emphasizing one of the crowning glories of Miss McKeen's work, which is that it prepares pupils for their life work, whatever the experiences may be.

"The farther away I get from Abbot the more precious I find its teachings." Again, "The longer Miss McKeen's girls are away from her, the more they value her influence over them, finding that it guides in every day duties in the world, even more effectively than in the school-room;" and again, "The farther I get from my school-days, the deeper grows my appreciation of all that Miss McKeen and Miss Phebe—for I can never separate them when I think of those days—did for me, and I am glad, indeed, to express my gratitude and affection for the one who is left to us."

I have several letters from those who antedate Miss McKeen's reign, but as her fame has been wafted to them, and as we are to-day honoring Abbot Academy as well, it is not foreign to our purpose to briefly allude to and quote from them.

Five members of the first class, styling themselves "first day scholars," send words of greeting and regret. They are:

Mrs. Sarah Thayer Boutwell, the wife of Ex-Gov. George S. Boutwell, of Groton, who is prevented by illness from being with us;

Mrs. Katharine Dickinson Sweetser of New Jersey, writes: "While it would give me much pleasure to be present on an occasion so interesting, it will not be possible. I still retain a pleasant memory of those far-away days when I entered the Academy on the first opening of its doors, a girl of fourteen. Many of my classmates have been my life-long friends and I shall always feel an interest in all that concerns my Alma Mater. I feel now that I am only a tradition to those upon the stage."

"Mrs. Henriette Woods Baker, the author of "Tim the Scissors Grinder," and more than two hundred other books, says: "It would be a pleasure to meet so many old friends, but the regret at having Miss McKeen leave the Academy for which she has done so much, would more than over-balance the pleasure." Her sister, Mrs. Margaret Woods

Lawrence, also an authoress, who wrote "Light on the Dark River," "The Tobacco Problem," and various leaflets in circulation, published by the American Temperance Union, has written a letter, a portion of which I will read:

A letter from Mrs. Rear Rdmiral Joseph F. Green of Brookline, class of '37, contained an allusion to a feature of the teaching of Miss McKeen, as follows: "While I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Miss McKeen, the impression I received during my attendance at the semi-centennial of Abbot Academy, from the bearing of those modest, courteous, intelligent young ladies, convinces me that her resignation is a loss not only to the Academy, but to those who will be deprived of her judicious care." She signs herself "One of the few survivors of an almost past generation."

Miss Mina Chase De Hart, '63, of Detroit, writes: "Tell Miss McKeen I have never forgotten her. She first led me to the Saviour."

Elizabeth Goddard, '74, writes from Georgia: "I love Abbot Academy as dearly now as I did eighteen years ago. I am sure no girls can ever be happier than were the girls of my day. Every spot of those grounds and of the Academy and halls is dear to me, and I even have an affection for the much abused old skeleton, which with dear Miss Belcher's assistance taught me the names and position of my various bones."

Miss Mary E. Blair, principal from '54 to '56, writes a long letter concluding with, "Some of the pleasantest memories of my life are of the years long passed, when I was a teacher in Abbot Academy, and of the dear girls who have been my pupils. It was so long ago, I fear few, if any of them will be at the Vendome. How I would like to hear Charlotte Emerson Brown's letter! I have been glad to know of the prosperity of the school through the long and able administration of Miss McKeen, and I trust it may continue under her successor."

Miss Marie J. B. Brown, principal in '57, writes: "The lady honored and those gathered about her to do her honor, have my most hearty congratulations."

Rev. Henry Schauffler, son of Dr. Schauffler, to whom Mrs. Lawrence alluded, was in '60 the French teacher at the Academy, as his father was in '30, and was also an accomplished flutist, playing a flute obligato to a song upon our commencement day. He also assisted the class of '60 in celebrating its thirtieth anniversary in '90. He writes: "Express to Miss McKeen my sincere regrets that I cannot be present and join the circle of friends in doing honor to one whom I highly esteem, and in whose noble life work I so greatly rejoice. One of my pleasant recollections of Andover life is the official and social intercourse I was permitted to have with Miss McKeen. It must be a great joy to her to think of the large number of pupils whom she has been enabled by means of the remarkable gifts with which God has endowed her to train and influence for usefulness in life, in many different spheres, and in widely scattered places. What nobler work for God and humanity can we do than that? I beg you will also especially greet any former French pupils for me."

Mr. Arthur Johnson, a member of the Board of Trustees, writes from Florida, sending regrets to Miss McKeen, the Trustees and the Alumnae.

Rev. Dr. Twichell, of Hartford, writes: "Miss McKeen has long been the object of my admiration and reverence, and to take part in doing her honor in any way, would be my delight."

I smiled on reading a letter from a gentleman who is present here to-day, which began: "When I was a student at Phillips Academy, I had a sister in Abbot Academy." I wonder whether it will ever be known how many academy girls have been sisters and cousins to academy boys, not in the line of blood!

A few words in a letter from Mary Hunter Williams, '62,

— two years after I graduated — were more precious to me than any others I have received ; she wrote, “ My dear Laura Wentworth ! surely that name is familiar, for was it not a household word with our dear Miss McKeens — both of them ? What can be more precious than to know that my name was ever a household word with our dear Miss Phebe and Miss McKeen.

Among others sending pleasant words of greeting and regret are Miss Theodosia Stockbridge, a teacher of '37 ; Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward ; Miss Mary R. Hillard of St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn. ; Kate Mills Forsyth, Indiana ; Clara Potter Hopkins, Lansing, Mich. ; Anna Fuller, Colorado Springs, whose book, “ Pratt Portraits,” is recently published by Putnam ; Alice B. Gardner, Bucksport, Maine ; Mrs. C. E. Adams, Lowell ; Mrs. B. R. Downs, Bradford, Mass. ; Lucy B. Shattuck, Mrs. Maria W. Hawkins, Haverhill ; Julia Rockwell Roby, Meriden, Conn. ; Dr. S. A. Jenness ; Mrs. William Dickinson, Worcester ; Mrs. Ellen W. Burgess, Hyde Park ; Mrs. Sophia Hastings Clark, Washington, D. C. ; Emily C. Mather, Darien, Conn. ; E. M. Skelton ; Stella Thayer ; Ruth Parker Brewer, Gilbertville, N. Y. ; Myrtle Bartlett, Concord, N. H. ; Mrs. Judge Aldrich, Worcester ; M. H. Underwood, Natick ; Louise H. Lincoln, Holbrook ; Fannie H. G. Tenney, New York City ; Mrs. Edith C. Mooers, Lawrence ; Miss B. R. Downes, Fall River ; Mrs. J. P. Bancroft, Concord, N. H. ; Mrs. C. S. Sanderson, M. C. Coyle, North Adams ; May E. Stow, Plattsville, Conn. ; F. P. Palmer, Norwichtown, Conn. ; Mrs. Mary H. Cummings, Cummingsville ; Mrs. Caswell, N. Y. ; Mrs. Sarah Lord Hall, Cambridge, author of “ Child Life in New England ” ; Mrs. W. C. King, North Brookfield ; Mrs. Sarah Miles Sweetser, Grafton ; Miss Anna Bedell ; Mrs. Dr. Hayes (Mary Rollins), Great Falls ; Mrs. Chamberlain Poor, former president of the Alumnae Association ; Rev. Dr. McKenzie ; Mrs. Fairbanks of St. Johnsbury, who commends Miss Watson to the Alumnae ; and

Hartwell & Richardson, architects; Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, the gifted alumna, hoped to reach Boston in season for the breakfast, but was seriously ill in New York at the time. The only Abbot girl I have failed to reach in her flittings across the country is Miss Alice French, "Octave Thanet."

Chapters could not contain all the pleasant thoughts that crowd upon us as we hear these words from the different years of the past, but the present claims us. Thanking you for your forbearance, I yield place to our toastmaster *par excellence*, Prof. Churchill, whom we delight to call our own, as he is not only a Trustee and Professor of Abbot Academy, but one of its most faithful friends.

PROFESSOR CHURCHILL.

In rising again to resume the agreeable duties of the chair, permit me to waive the usual formalities of such an occasion, and give the plainest and most direct utterance to the warm feelings that spring up in our common heart. The emotions that we fain would express are those of mingled love, reverence and admiration. We feel that we are only doing the fitting thing to crown with public honor a long life that has been full of conspicuous usefulness and disinterested service for the dear old school.

For a third of a century, — a period which covers more than half of the sixty-three years of the corporate life of the institution, — for thirty-three years has our honored friend devoted her best energies to the highest interests of Abbot Academy. She now proposes to retire from her arduous duties, and enjoy the evening of her life in well-earned repose. On many anniversary seasons has she dismissed the children of Alma Mater to their various walks in life; and now you, her pupils and fellow-teachers of the past and present, and we, her admiring and loyal friends, have come together to make an affectionate and a respectful recognition of her

cherished purpose, and to dismiss her to her well-merited retirement.

There are some people whom we would gladly always keep young, and our friend is one of them. Pardon me for mentioning in this feminine presence the circumstance of age. I know that I am treading upon delicate ground. I do not forget that we are not celebrating one of those prophetic and far-away birthdays in life. We are too polite for that. We have too much regard for woman's traditional sensitiveness to accumulating landmarks of time, publicly to advertise such an untoward event. Rather do we greet our friend to-day, not in the decline but in the maturity of her strength. We shall long hold her in our hearts as a dweller in that delectable border-land — the old age of youth and the youth of old age.

To a life so energetic, so refined, so beneficent as hers has been, who can do justice? True, she does not need our praise, for her own works praise her in the gates. As I look around upon this gathering of her grateful pupils and appreciative friends, I feel that the numbers and the quality of the assembly are in themselves a sufficiently eloquent testimony to her worth and her works. No, she does not need our praise, but she deserves it. No one has a better right to the highest service of grateful speech.

I am not unmindful of the old adage concerning "Praise to the face." It is no small tribute to our friend's dignity of character that she consents to run the risk of hearing herself praised in public. She doubtless feels as Mrs. Jameson did when she said so finely, — "The prospect of the applause of posterity is like the sound of the distant ocean, that elevates the mind; but present applause flung directly in our face is like the spray of the same ocean tossed against the rocks, and requiring a rock to bear it." We know the granite firmness of our friend's character, and we dare, if I may so speak, to fling the spray of our present praise full in her face. We must charge her to forget for the hour that

she is herself, and fancy that we are speaking of some one else, and so listen with complacency to the encomiums that fall upon her ear.

I am aware that her simple, truthful nature abhors "the superlative" in speech as much as Emerson did. When the famous philosopher went west several years ago he said that the only thing he saw "that equalled the brag was the Yosemite." That was the kind of superlative that he liked — the superlative of fact. It is the kind of superlative that we like, and indulge ourselves in to-day. This is the impressive fact that equals and justifies any apparent excess of speech that we may utter at this glad hour, — the fact that in the heroine of this festival we behold a woman who has left a deep and lasting impression upon all who have ever known her; who will occupy a place in the history of Abbot Academy, a place in the history of education for the young of America, a place in the social and domestic life of our people, second in importance to no other woman of her time.

And yet, how noiseless her life has been! She has taken her place in the quiet ranks of those who neither strive nor cry. No professional Lady Bountiful is here; no self-conscious Lady of the Manor. So modest and simple, so private has she been in giving out the richness of her beautiful life, that it seems almost a wrong to speak of her virtues in public.

It would be a delightful service to dwell upon her power to quicken and deepen the intellectual life through her incomparable instruction in the class-room; to tell of the still more wonderful influences that unconsciously radiate from the spiritual sources of her own character upon the moral life of pupils and associates; to excite your admiration with the recital of her splendid gifts of administration in the development of the internal life of the institution, and the physical aspect of things within the precincts of the Academy. The conservative element in her nature has kept her loyal to the principle of stability, and her earnest desire

for improvement has made her hospitable to the principle of progress.

How wisely practical has she been in combining these opposite principles! What beneficent results have accrued from their harmonious adjustment! She has been not only the most important part of the school for three and thirty years; she has been the very organ of its life. God has sent his true teachers into every age, but into this age he has sent only one Miss McKeen.

But I must refrain from more than a simple mention of these rare traits of mind, and heart, and achievement. The gratification of listening to others is in reserve for you. They will speak of her virtues in words of appreciation far more significant than I can command.

I delay you no longer from the dear accents of the one voice you are impatient to hear. And when I utter the beloved name, let us rise to our feet and, at the signal from the chair, give a salvo of love and praise in a vigorous "Handkerchief salute." I know that you will join with me in heartily wishing our honored principal *emerita*—*emerita* in the highest sense of the word,—a long and peaceful Indian summer.

I am also sure of your sympathy with my closing sentiment:

The Beloved and Honored Principal of Abbot Academy: For a third of a century Alma Mater has possessed in her a treasure far above rubies. To all a woman's graces she unites a wisdom and strength of mind and of character which are of no sex, and do honor to a common human nature. To think of her is to praise God.

Now for the white wings as I present

MISS MCKEEN.

I thank you, dear friends, for your presence here, and for your cordial greeting.

It is pleasant to me that the thought of this family gathering originated in the class of '60, with my first seniors, who, to-day, join hands with the class of '92, and thus complete the circle of thirty-three years. My memory of the intervening classes is individual and affectionate.

But I have been asked to speak of Abbot Academy. It has so long been my other self, that I hardly know where to begin or what to say. We began life together in the autumn of eighteen fifty-nine, and struggled through years of privation; it was up-hill work and often the hills were long and steep. But our one acre — the original gift for a building-lot for the Academy — has broadened until it has become more than twenty-three acres of lawn and grove. By the side of Smith Hall, then new and more than sufficient for our numbers, Davis and South Halls at length took their places, and now, Draper Hall has come, bringing beauty and convenience and comfort to our home.

Do you ask how it has been accomplished?

An American lady stood watching an old laborer who was digging the dandelions from the exquisite turf at Oxford. She asked "How do you get such wonderful lawns," and added "I wish we could have such in our country."

"Why you see, ma'am," he answered, "we weeds and we cuts, and we weeds and we cuts, eight hundred years; that's how we does it."

Our progress may seem slow, but it is real, and the school has yet thirty-seven years before it will fill out its first century.

Abbot Academy has never been wanting in that which is most essential, for a high moral and intellectual element has been an abiding quantity. Her pupils are everywhere, and their history, in the aggregate, is that of earnest and useful living. Pleasant testimony to the success of some of our graduates as teachers came to me recently and quite incidentally. A lady who was in communication with me

in reference to placing her daughter with us next year, quoted from two of her friends, with whom she had conversed upon the great question, "Which school?" With the permission of the persons referred to, I will read you what they said to her.

The first is from Professor C. F. Carroll, Principal of the Normal School, New Britain, Conn. He said: "The best trained minds I have found among my teachers have come from Abbot Academy. Others may have acquired more knowledge, may possibly have gone over more ground, but none, so far as I can recall, have shown such mental activity. Their minds are on the alert, and they have precision and accuracy in teaching, as well as ingenuity in arranging methods for imparting what they know. They may have been superior persons, but this would not explain the high average of their zeal and the success which they have universally attained as teachers. I always wish Abbot Academy represented in our Board."

The second is from General S. C. Armstrong, of Hampton, Virginia. He says: "I like Abbot Academy; there is no nonsense about that school; it turns out women as well as accurate scholars; I always make first application there for teachers for Hampton and have never yet been disappointed in an Abbot girl. They have not the conceit of knowledge which one often finds in college girls, they are modest and capable. I have reason to thoroughly believe in Abbot Academy."

With such testimony to the quality of work done by her pupils, it goes without saying, that Abbot has furnished superior instruction; her teachers have, very generally, been thorough in preparation, quick in invention, conscientious in service, and rare in their devotion to the school.

With the Divine blessing upon such a body-guard, led by the gifted Principal-elect, under the guidance of our honored Trustees, a bright future is assured to Abbot Academy.

MISS CHADBOURNE'S POEM.

TRIBUTE TO MISS MCKEEN.

A pilgrim journey'd to his King's abode.
 One day his course beside a garden lay,
 And fearing that the buds so young and fair,
 Perchance might droop beneath the morning's sun,
 He filled his flask with living waters cool,
 Drawn from a fountain on the King's highway;
 And bending o'er each tender, waiting plant,
 He poured the precious drops, till all were spent;
 Then, oft' returning to the crystal font,
 Rejoiced to render service to the King.

At even-tide, when sun-set's softening rays
 Hid the high hills with veils of golden light,
 And all the verdured valleys lay in peace,
 His blessed task was done — For lo! the buds
 Unfolded wide their perfume-bearing cups,
 And filled the air with incense to the King.
 Well know we, all who gather here to-day,
 What this quaint legend meaneth to our hearts: —
 That 'tis *her joy*, who greets us here to-day,
 To know *we offer incense* to THE KING.

PROFESSOR CHURCHILL.

"Miss McKeen and Miss Phebe." In the minds of hundreds of pupils of the Academy, these two names are indissolubly linked together. To speak of one was to think of the other. For twenty-one years the two sisters were inseparable companions, and equal sharers in the administration of the school. Those of you who were present at the semi-centennial in '79, will remember Professor Park's felicitous characterization of the two sisters as "the binary star, its two globes revolving around each other, in order that they might revolve around the school with a brighter light." Thirteen years ago one of those bright luminaries faded into the light of the eternal morning.

“None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise.”

It was said of Lady Hastings “that to love her was a liberal education.” Many have felt so in the companionship of the brilliant Miss Phebe.

She is recalled to us to-day in a few beautiful lines written for this hour of the heart by one of her pupils, whom we are happy to welcome into the Faculty next year, — MISS ELIZABETH M. CHADBOURNE.

IN MEMORY OF MISS PHEBE.

See these jewels — a King hath chosen them; —
This Turquoise is as blue as summer skies,
Above the sunny shores of Italy.
This Amethyst is like a violet.
This Emerald is green as mountain lakes,
That mirror the cool shadows of the hills.
This Diamond sparkles like the morning's dew,
Touched by the sun, until its colours fair
Are as the promised bow, which spans the sky,
When storms are hush'd and tempests are at peace:
And this red Ruby gleams with changeless light —
'Tis like a lamp which in God's Temple burns,
To guide us, ever, to his “House of Prayer.”
Some lives there are like rubies, clear and bright;
Some hearts there are that burn with holy zeal;
Some souls that light us on to prayer and praise —
“They shall be mine,” the Heavenly King hath said,
“In that day, when I make up MY JEWELS.”

PROFESSOR CHURCHILL.

Were the venerated President of the Board of Trustees — Professor Park, able to be present, he would meet the proprieties of the occasion at this point by representing that Reverend and Honorable body with his wit and wisdom. In his absence, I present another clerical member of the Board, whom I shall ask to respond to the following sentiment:

The Trustees of Abbot Academy: In the future, as in the past, their aim will be to provide a symmetrical education, physical, mental and moral, fitted to cope with all the exigencies of life demanded by the conditions of American Society.

It gives me pleasure to introduce Rev. Edward G. Porter of Dorchester, Mass :

MR. PORTER.

Mr. Chairman, Graduates and friends : —

Although not an alumna, nor even the cousin of one so far as I know, I can still claim a remote relationship to the Academy, as my great-uncle, Dr. Milton Badger, was one of the founders. That is something to be proud of, as the years go by. However, I can come a little nearer than that in my own right, for I have been a teacher in the school, and what is more, I have had the honor — which I think no one else here can claim — of giving instruction to Miss McKeen herself, her gifted sister, and other teachers who joined the classes under my care when I was in the Seminary on the top of the hill. And I can imagine that the proficiency in the German language and literature which has since been seen in the Academy can be distinctly traced back to my administration of that department.

But I am asked to speak for my associates on the Board of Trustees. I regret that our President is not able to be here to represent us. He is responsible for my membership in this Board; for soon after the death of Dr. Jackson I was attending the exercises of the graduating class at the Theological Seminary, when Professor Park sent for me to meet him at the door of the chapel. I found him there with a horse and buggy, waiting to take me out for a drive. I could not refuse the kind invitation, and on our way around Pomp's Pond, he revealed to me his purpose. There was a vacant place in this board and he wanted me to take it. At first I demurred, but such were the persuasive tones of the

adroit Professor, that of course I had to yield, little anticipating that the duty of speaking for him on such an occasion as this would ever fall to my lot.

My friends, you will hardly need any word from me to assure you that the Trustees join most heartily with this great company of the Alumnae in paying these well-deserved honors to our beloved guest.

We have always been glad to co-operate with her in advancing the interests of the school, and especially, I may say, in the plans for its enlargement, which have met with so much favor. To her we owe some of the strongest appeals that have been made in behalf of our magnificent Draper Hall. Her letters, her visits, her counsels, have been of the greatest value in stimulating the generosity of friends, and in guiding the work to its completion. We rejoice that she has been the one to do it, for it will always be, in an important sense, her memorial, the crowning visible feature of her long and successful administration.

There are other features—many others—which have marked her career as a teacher, that cannot be measured by a building of brick and stone, however grand its proportions.

Miss McKeen has been at work building up character, moulding human lives, guiding young souls in the way everlasting. That has been her chief joy, and because of that, they have put upon our *menu* here to-day the fine sentiment—which must be tenderly grateful to the recipient—“We have been, we are, we always shall be her pupils.”

Mr. Chairman, we ought to improve this occasion, it seems to me, by mentioning also the fact that our treasurer, Mr. Draper, has put us all under lasting obligations by his magnificent gift of \$25,000 toward the cost of the new building, a fitting monument of his devotion to the cause of liberal learning. And, as some of us know, the conditions upon which this sum was to be available, would hardly have been met had not Colonel and Mrs. Ripley generously come to our aid at just the right time. The gifts of others, also,

many of whom I see in this assembly, — have been gratefully received and built into the walls, or applied to the furnishings and equipment of the new edifice.

I am happy, also, to report that Mrs. Coburn has recently founded a scholarship of \$2,000 for the special benefit of girls resident in Andover, and Mrs. Byers has given \$1,000 for the Jackson library.

Such expressions of loyalty and love for your *Alma Mater* are a guarantee of its future prosperity. That future, ladies of this Association, must largely be in your hands. More and more our higher institutions of learning are depending upon the aid which their foster-children are glad to give.

The best tribute we can pay to MissMcKeen is to let her see the Academy, for which she has toiled so long and so well, flourish with perennial life and beauty, bearing the choicest fruit year after year, and so becoming more and more a blessing to our country and to the world.

The Trustees have provided that the retiring principal need not retire altogether from our precincts. We have been happy to place at her disposal an adjoining house, from the windows of which she can look out upon the familiar lawns and groves, and see the girls as they come and go, and receive the many expressions that will come to her of their continued love and affection. May heaven's richest blessings rest upon her for many years to come.

PROFESSOR CHURCHILL.

It is a pleasure to offer the next sentiment:

Abbot Academy and Home-Life: The moral culture gained in this seminary of education is radiating its benign influences in thousands of homes in our country and in foreign lands.

A distinguished French philosopher answered the narration of every important event with the question, — "Who was she?" meaning to imply, of course, that all worthy

achievement is mainly due to the sentiments or ambitions inspired by woman's love. Who can respond to this sentiment more feelingly than some fortunate husband of an Abbot Academy girl who can speak out of his own blessed experience? You naturally think that I am going to call upon some ex-theologue. But I prefer to light upon a representative of journalism from the city of Washington. The divinity that has shaped his ends was popularly known in her school days amongst us as "Daisy Douglas." You will be glad to listen to

MR. MACFARLAND.

I suppose, Mr. Chairman, it is because I am the most romantic looking of the brothers-in-law here present that you have called on me to respond to what I take to be the Andover equivalent of time-honored "Sweethearts and wives." Professor Park in presenting our diplomas in June, 1877, — for during a delightful week in Andover last June the class of '77 promised to be a sister to me, — said to us with that characteristic twinkle in his eye, that he hoped we would all go to heaven, "where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage." A beautiful sentiment, Mr. Chairman, but one which we have not followed to its logical conclusion. On the contrary, all of us have lingered on this side ever since, and some of us have made some men very happy.

I am sorry that more of these happy men are not here to-day to speak for themselves. It cannot be that they did not feel welcome, for although I have overheard some playful remarks as to how we thorns came to be in this rose garden, accents speak louder than words, and I know the fair roses are glad we are here. It cannot be that they did not want to come, that they were too indifferent to come. It seems to me that any man who has been fortunate enough to know, and love, and marry one of Miss McKean's girls, ought to be proud to come to do her honor and to honor

himself in so-doing. I cannot believe that any of our brothers-in-law would be indifferent to such an opportunity.

I have peculiar pride and pleasure in being here. I never was a Phillipian, I never was a collegian, I never was a theologian. I have no other Alma Mater than dear old Abbot Academy — I want no other, I could have no better; I thank God with every remembrance of her, and of the blessed ministry of Miss McKeen, who is to us of '77, her very incarnation.

I would that I could express for myself and my fellows our inexpressible gratitude. But Miss McKeen needs no word of tribute from us. Building upon the only sure Foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, she has reared her own memorial, a temple which shall survive the Day of Wrath, and the passing away of all earthly things.

PROFESSOR CHURCHILL.

Miss McKeen has strongly resembled the great Napoleon in two respects: In her deep sense of the vital importance of surrounding herself with good field-m Marshals; and in her keen sagacity in choosing them.

You doubtless anticipate the next sentiment:

The Faculty of Abbot Academy: A noble association of women, who, like their head, are animated with the purpose of making a womanly woman out of every girl who is put under their charge; not a conventional lady, but a woman of mental resource, of Christian culture, a woman of refinement, with that "good taste" which Lowell said is "the conscience of the mind, and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul."

MISS MERRILL.

Mr. Chairman, Daughters and Friends of Abbot Academy:

I wish that my colleagues might be introduced to you, one after another, by Professor Churchill, without being placed

in the perilous position in which I stand, fearful lest some unhappy word check the tide of sympathetic expectancy that his generous words must have awakened in you.

I have been greatly interested in composite photography. In trying to think of the Faculty as a unit, I have been strongly reminded of photographic composites. It is fitting to consider the Faculty first as a unit, for in our official relations to the school and to the outside world, from the many there comes one voice. It must be so, for a house divided against itself can not stand.

If a composite photograph were made of the Faculty, I am almost sure that the face of Miss McKeen would assert itself through the others, and I know that no one of us can make a mental picture of the Faculty, without seeing clearly in it the strong characteristics of our honored Principal. The impress of her life is stamped upon us all. We all recognize her guiding hand, and she, judicious and practical, recognizes the individuality of her teachers, and wisely gives them free scope in their several departments. Every teacher is made to feel that the success of her work depends largely upon her own effort.

As to the individuality of the members of the Faculty — in so far as my experience goes, I should say that the teachers have been strongly individual, have had, so to speak, "a mind of their own." This fact may in part explain the length of some of the teachers' meetings.

We have not all been brilliant—at all times. Perhaps some of us were never brilliant, but there have been those who by patient, faithful, stay-at-home endeavor, have acted as a background to their more sparkling sisters. Who will dare ignore the value of a background? The standard of the Abbot Academy teacher is high. We want many appliances in our various departments, but what live school, what live teacher is not always in want. Those of you who have read in *The Forum* the different chapters on *Formative Influences* written by prominent writers in different walks

of life, may have been struck as I have been, to read over and over again, variations on this theme, "The teacher is more than the thing taught." How true is this statement when applied to my colleagues, past and present. Personally, some of the strongest friendships, some of the best influences in my own life, have come through association with teachers of Abbot Academy.

The Abbot Academy teacher wishes to be the friend of her pupils, if that may be. I have said *her* pupils. I hope I shall be pardoned—it is because the feminine element so largely predominates. We do not forget that we have men in our Faculty, but surely Prof. Downs, Prof. Churchill and Prof. Morand speak harmoniously and sonorously for themselves.

How many school-girls would unite with me in saying that the character, the life of some teacher friend, has been one of the strongest influences in their lives. Our aim is right and true:—We wish to instruct and inform the mind, and quicken the whole being of those who come as learners to Abbot Academy.

PROFESSOR CHURCHILL.

We speak with tongues in Abbot Academy,—English, French and German. Once a week we call in a Professor who can give us the inimitable Parisian flavor of elegance, purity, and *esprit* which only a native can impart—Professor Henri Morand. He shall tell us of his appreciation of Abbot Academy and her Principal.

Je suis heureux de pouvoir vous présenter le
Professeur Henri Morand, qui vandra bien nous
adresser quelques mots dans sa langue natale.

PROFESSOR MORAND.

Monsieur le président, mesdames, et messieurs :

Il y a quelques mois, un de mes compatriotes, se présentait à un auditoire bostonien en ces termes, "A Frenchman, who

having to address an American audience, makes use of the English language simply wants to make himself ridiculous," et il continua en cette langue.

Mon ami, Monsieur le professeur Churchill, qui préside en cette belle et mémorable occasion et qui vous a tant fait rire en vous donnant, avec son éloquence bien connu, "The Miseries of a Frenchman on his Arrival in New York," a si bien compris la situation, dans laquelle je me trouve, qu'il m'a soufflé à l'oreille: "Speak French and translate into English."

Me trouvant un jour, il y a deux ans de cela, à Abbot Academy avec le professeur Downs, je lui rappelais, avec orgueil, que je célébrais ma vingtième année à Abbot Academy. J'ajoutais qu'après Miss McKeen j'étais le plus ancien professeur de cette école, si chère à nous tous. Par le regard qu'il me lança, je m'aperçus que je l'avais froissé. "What about Professor Churchill and me!" Me dit-il. J'allai humblement m'asseoir sur le troisième banc.

C'était, mesdames et messieurs, vers la fin de la terrible guerre entre la France et l'Allemagne que Miss McKeen me pria de prendre sous ma direction et comme native French instructor les classes de français de Abbot Academy. Je fis d'abord quelques objections à cause de la distance qui sépare Andover de Boston, mais lorsque Miss McKeen et son aimable soeur me firent remarquer que les classes de langue allemande étaient très grandes tandis que celles du français souffraient terriblement, "Mesdemoiselles," leur dis-je, bondissant sur ma chaise, "j'accepte."

Ce fut, alors que les comédies et les soirées françaises se succédèrent à un tel point que nous ne donnions pas à nos amis de Andover le temps de se reposer.

Oui, mesdames et messieurs, depuis cette époque, lorsque je jette un regard sur le passé, que de précieux souvenirs me reviennent à la mémoire! Quelle dette de gratitude ne dois-je pas à Miss McKeen. Si les classes françaises de Abbot Academy sont supérieures à celle d'aucune institution

de la sorte aux Etats-Unis, c'est en grande partie, à Miss McKeen que nous le devons, toujours elle encourageait, toujours elle nous faisait un gracieux compliment quand le travail était bien fait. Venez voir la famille française de Smith Hall où l'on ne parle que notre langue, et ensuite passez à German Hall, et vous vous croirez où à Paris où à Berlin.

Ce qui fait la supériorité de l'enseignement du français et de l'allemand à Abbot Academy, c'est que, grâce à messieurs les trustees, non seulement les élèves sont pourvues de maîtres et d'institutrices supérieures, mais de plus elles sont séparées de leurs amies, que n'étudient pas les langues modernes.

Oui, chère Miss McKeen, vous allez bientôt quitter Abbot Academy où vous avez consacré trente-trois années à l'enseignement. Mais, grâce aux trustees reconnaissants de vos bons services, vous allez vous retirer dans une charmante maison que ces messieurs mettent à votre disposition et de là vous pourrez voir prospérer cette école qui vous est si chère.

Il y a cependant un endroit d'où vous ne pouvez jamais vous retirer, c'est du coeur de vos milliers d'amis car votre nom y est gravé pour y rester à toujours.

Monsieur le president, mesdames, et messieurs, permettez-moi de proposer un toast :

Bonheur, santé, prospérité, et longue vie à Miss McKeen et au noble et généreux bienfaiteur de Abbot Academy, Monsieur Draper.

PROFESSOR CHURCHILL.

The Alumnae of Abbot Academy believing that in union there is strength, and catching the spirit of the time for organizing scattered forces in all departments of life, have organized their attachment for the dear old school, and have already accomplished much for the development of the spirit of loyalty for their Alma Mater. They have had the cour-

age to ask for representation on the Board of Trustees. You will be glad to know that their appeal has been granted unanimously, and the elections will be made and announced in due time.

The loyalty of the Alumnae Association for the retiring Principal cannot better be expressed than in the spirit which animates the motto of this festival: "*We were, we are, we always shall be, her pupils.*"

We all look to the President of the Alumnae Association, Miss Emily Means, our teacher of technical Art in the Academy, for a response.

MISS MEANS.

Mr. President, the trustees, and friends of Abbot Academy:

It is a great honor to stand in such a position as to be called upon to respond to the toast just given, and to represent the daughter of so old and noble a mother. It would be pleasant if the one who was for so long the President of the Alumnae Association could respond in my place.

All the virtues and accomplishments, financial, executive, literary, or domestic of the scattered daughters of the school are here compact in one. As she is thus one great, many-handed daughter, she has a wide responsibility laid upon her. Indeed the very locality makes it more evident. For there is an old tradition in Andover that the mothers of that town obey their daughters most submissively. And so, as the chairman has just stated, the daughter gave some advice about choosing women to put upon the board of trustees; and of course the story ends by the mother's obedience!

In another way, also, the Association has been most fortunate. We all know those stumbling-blocks to the tongue, the agglomerations of letters which stand for the modern organization; such as the Y. P. S. C. E., the W. C. T. U., S. P. C. A., and doubtless many others twice as long. But none of this trial does the Alumnae Association of Abbot

Academy of Andover inflict upon its members and friends. No ; it depends wholly upon the open, simple first letter of the alphabet, and writes itself the A. A. of A. A. of A !

However, laying aside these lighter reasons for according respect to our Association, let me speak of its character. Its foundation is conservative and sound, its method unpretending and business-like, and its force in binding together old pupils is one which grows greater year by year. The work which it has done for the school is of great value. The income from its fund has been used for substantial gifts, and many a beautiful object by which the taste is trained or the judgment cultivated would have been lacking to Abbot Academy if this society had not borne the needs of the school in mind.

The Alumnae Association offers itself as a centre for the devotion of the old pupils to the one whose portrait we wear to-day on the outside, as we have long carried it and shall always bear it on the inside of our hearts.

PROFESSOR CHURCHILL.

"Zion's Hill is crowned with the crown of the sciences. The gracious and thoughtful interchange of courtesies, both social and intellectual, between the Theological Seminary and Abbot Academy, has ever been a solace, a benefit, and a delight. The head of many a theologian has been in the Seminary while his heart was in the Abbot Academy. I am sure that Professor Egbert C. Smyth, the President of Andover Theological Seminary, and a former Trustee of Abbot Academy, has a word of greeting for the sister institution as I call upon him to respond to the sentiment :

The Seminary offers the Right Hand of Fellowship to the Principal of Abbot Academy. We give thanks with her and for her.

PROFESSOR SMYTH.

It would be a "sullenness against nature," not to be borne out of one's self on this strong tide of grateful memories

and devoted loyalty. Yet I cannot wholly rid myself of a haunting embarrassment originating in my first acquaintance with Abbot Academy. I came to Andover in the fourth year, if I remember, of the reign we are to-day celebrating. With her usual graciousness towards clergymen, the Principal of Abbot Academy soon invited me to address the young ladies at the Saturday evening meeting. I had become somewhat used, in Bangor Seminary and in connection with Bowdoin College, to taking part in meetings of young men, and cheerfully accepted the invitation. Perhaps, —judging from the result, there is some reason to fear that it was so, — there may have been a little elation, such as a young English canon may be imagined to have felt when invited to preach before the Queen. I can never forget the impression received when ushered into the brilliantly lighted hall. The bright intelligence, the refined influence, the radiation and the sudden sense of strangeness. If my eye could only have rested for a moment upon a spot of shadow—a seminary student, or something familiar. I began to speak, and became at once embarrassed in my pronouns. The difficulty had never occurred to me. As usual under embarrassment, it is always the word you don't want that comes, and is out before you know it. I never recovered from the inextricable tangle of pronouns into which I was immediately plunged; nor have I been able since to face an Abbot Academy gathering with entire composure. When now I was asked to present the "fraternal greetings" of our Seminary on this occasion, the old feeling at once awakened. I shall have to meet, I thought, not a hundred, but several hundred of them. Those same intelligences, all knowing at once just how you feel when you rise. At all events, I said, this time I will have my first sentence right. So I began to compose it with great care. It started readily, and seemed easy to remember. "It gives me great pleasure on this occasion"—but here at once some well-worn groove in the brain caught the flow of the

sentence, and it came out thus : "It gives me great pleasure on this occasion to present to Abbot Academy the 'fraternal greetings' of a sister institution." There I was again ! I tried it once more and the sentence ran : "It gives me great pleasure on this occasion to present to Abbot Academy the sisterly greetings of a fraternal institution." The spell could not be broken. I abandoned any attempt at a first sentence, and determined to follow the method of my profession, and take a text and try to stick to it. You will all, having been trained at Abbot Academy, know at once the book, chapter and verse of the one I have selected. It reads :

All the brethren salute thee. Please notice the universality of the first word of our text, "*All the brethren salute thee.*" This is to be taken literally. It means every student in Andover Seminary you have ever known, and every one who has wanted to know you. "*Salute thee.*" That is, the entire school, the alumnae, here and wherever they may be, and not least the present graduating class, all of whom, I believe, are here this afternoon, and each of the other classes. It means the teachers, past and present ; and, to-day, pre-eminently, the honored head and representative of the Academy, to whom we bring our respectful salutations, with honor and gratulation. In the printed circular something is said, I believe, of a "resignaton." Probably the Trustees are endeavoring to cultivate that grace. But as I saw a few moments ago the salutation to their Queen of the alumnae of this Academy,—one of the most beautiful spectacles I ever witnessed,—it seemed to me that we were not contemplating a resignation, but celebrating a coronation.

Is it not congruous with the thought that we live in a rational universe,—the conception which underlies education,—that there should be by the side of Andover Seminary an Abbot Academy ? Tertullian believed in the resurrection because it would be absurd not to accept it as real. I do not know but that somewhere there may be a theological seminary without a young ladies' academy, or the reverse ;

but is there not something quite incomplete, something bordering on absurdity, in such a conception? If I found myself in such a theological seminary, I think I would start for Andover Hill.

We are following in this vicinity of the two schools, an ancient and very illustrious tradition, going back to the beginning of one of the most important educational movements in history. Having to teach, at Andover, church history, a large chapter of which concerns monastic institutions, and having very little of a monk in my temperament or heredity, I once thought it could be helpful to a just interpretation to see the inside of a monastery, and enter somewhat into its life. So I climbed the hill on which stands the world-renowned monastery of Monte Casino, and obtained the privilege of a private cell and the liberty of its more public halls. I recall with great distinctness its library, rich in mediaeval memorials, papal bulls, and other historic documents, its church adorned with marbles beyond almost anything one may see in Italy, the wide outlook from the walls. But not least in impressions out of the ancient story or existing romance, is that touch of nature,—the coming to her brother of Saint Scholastica, her coming to him in the beginning of his great undertaking, her learning from him that “rule” which became the most influential and fruitful of such instruments, her planting a convent near the hill which her brother had chosen, her training there those who came to her by the same high standards he had set up for his monks, the annual procession and meeting of the heads of these institutions accompanied by their pupils. If I could use the pencil or brush as many of you can who have been educated at Abbot, I would make a picture of one of those reunions. Each of these institutions that joined in them was striving for the realization of the highest conception of life that then had been won.

There is a story I cannot forbear recalling. Saint Scholastica sought to prolong the last of those meetings in which

she participated, but her brother, as men will sometimes, interposed his "rule,"—he must go. Whereupon the sister invoked a higher power, and the heavens poured out such a flood of waters that the saint and his monks could not depart. Afterwards, Pope Gregory, the great Roman Bishop so associated with English Christianity and our own, wrote, or is reputed to have written, St. Benedict's biography and recording this incident, questions how it could be that the sister could have had more power than her brother, his hero, and answers it—we shall not question his infallibility—in this wise: Since, as St. John teaches, God is love, it must be that He gives the greater power to the will that is most moved by love. We count it the chief glory of our two schools that they are consecrated to the service of Him whom we know, and in whom we are reconciled and recovered to our Father. We love them most of all as Christian schools. And our wish and prayer for her whom we meet to-day to honor, is, that she may have the joy of seeing her work continuing to prosper under the blessing of Him whom she has served so long and faithfully, and that His holy presence and love may abide with her continually and ever.

PROFESSOR CHURCHILL

The gifted author of "The Schönberg Cotta Family" once said that she had seen and known American women devoted to Oriental Missions who seemed to come as near the first type and the last ideal of Christian life as any she ever expected to know. I doubt not that some of the missionary daughters of Abbot Academy were included in this high encomium, for they are scattered all over the broad earth. I give you as the next sentiment:

The Missionary Daughters of Abbot Academy:
 Their power of Christian service in heathen lands
 has been developed under the inspiration of the
 Christian ideal of life disclosed to them in their
 school days at the feet of Alma Mater.

We have with us to-day one who spent five years in the school as a pupil, two as a teacher, and was married from it as a daughter from a home, to accompany her husband to the Madura Mission in Southern India. It is with peculiar pleasure that I present MRS. EMMA WILDER GUTTERSON, '74.

Mrs. Gutterson has found it impossible to reproduce her speech, but we remember that in few, but well-chosen words, she spoke of the limitless seed-sowing that Miss McKeen has started, a work going on still and ever to increase in the homes, in the lands of the earth to which her pupils go. "Her children rise up and call her blessed."

SONG,

MISS CAROLINE BOND.

PROFESSOR CHURCHILL.

At our semi-centennial celebration, I remember that Dr. Peabody prophesied that within a very short time there would not be a single department in college in which young women will not have the full and entire benefit of the instruction offered to young men. The Harvard Annex is the fulfillment of that prophecy.

A favoring Providence brings the venerable and venerated Professor Emeritus again to an Abbot Academy Festival. Rev. Dr. Peabody will speak for Harvard University.

The oldest college and the most progressive in the land, brings greetings to the oldest chartered academy in America for the education of young women. Abbot is not a daughter of Harvard; but Harvard's message to us to-day is, "One with you in heart and hope."

DR. PEABODY.

Mr. President:

You could have, I am sure, no more hearty sympathy on this occasion than such as I present to you on the part of

Harvard University, which is at this moment, in many respects, doing better service in the education of young women, than any other institution of learning in the country. Our material arrangements are, indeed, such that we cannot give them suitable accommodation in our college buildings; but the pupils of the Harvard Annex have free choice in the entire range of studies, comprehending two hundred courses or more, with instruction by the best teachers in every department.

I claim also for myself a special interest in this festival, as the lady from whose charge I passed into a man's school was the best teacher I ever had, and to this day her remembered lessons have their place in my mind, and their grasp on my conscience.

At the same time, I am sure that no one can overestimate the unspeakable worth of the higher education, in which I include with special emphasis the Christian education, of young women. It has been my happiness to have among my intimate friends—one in my earlier, one in my later years—two of the foremost educators of their times, both principals of schools for young ladies in Boston. Nearly sixty years ago I used to spend frequent mornings with Jacob Abbot in his Mount Vernon school; and George B. Emerson had for the latter half of his life my profound reverence and love. The prime aim of both these men was not to make scholars, but to form the highest type of Christian womanhood. Their work has not followed them, but is still broadening and multiplying itself. Were you to obtain a list of the women of high social standing in this city, who have made, and are making that position a centre of extended influence and personal service in behalf of all that is excellent, and of wise and munificent charity, you might be surprised to find how large a proportion of them were the pupils of these men, or the children and grandchildren of their pupils. It is a record of such service (can there be a higher this side of heaven, or even in heaven?)

that we call this day to grateful remembrance. It is a record still open and growing, destined to reach on long after all of us shall have passed away, to be closed only when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and the rills whose confluent waters shall have made glad the city of our God shall be traced back to their sources.

The close of Miss McKen's educational career would be no fit occasion for festivity. What we celebrate is the commencement of a new epoch of service. In every form of usefulness, and especially in the training and discipline of the young, what we say and do is a multiplicand, of which what we are is the much larger multiplicand, and the chief factor in the product. With the lapse of years, the multiplicand may be diminished ; but the multiplier, — and with it the product, — keeps on growing. Thus will it be in the present instance. You are wise in providing that your principal shall have her home hard by the Academy, and you will find that, without formal authority or official duty, she will still sit as chief, and virtue will go forth from her. and as her spirit ripens for her heavenly home, it will have ever richer ministries for those who shall see in her the matured beauty of holiness, and shall thus learn of her how to live. Had you not made room for her in Andover, we should have coveted her for our Cambridge society, which has been so enriched, adorned, and gladdened by the ex-president of Wellesley College, that another *emerita* teacher of kindred spirit could not but meet a cordial and eager welcome.

The honored and beloved guest of the day will accept the assurance of my grateful appreciation of her glorious and blessed life-work, with the hope that a kind Providence will postpone, for yet many years to come, its earthly culmination and its heavenly crown.

PROFESSOR CHURCHILL.

There is an elder institution than ours by fifteen years, located farther up the hill. There are some who sometimes

think it is *too* near. This opinion, however, is not shared by the pupils of the two schools. Its proximity furnishes both interest and anxiety. But the Principals of the two schools are the best of friends. We are fortunate in having with us Principal Bancroft of Phillips Academy, who will descant on

THE PAINS AND PLEASURES OF PROXIMATE
EDUCATION.

PROFESSOR BANCROFT.

It is a great pleasure and a great privilege to be permitted to assist, as our French friends would say, in tendering to Miss McKeen this sincere tribute of appreciation, esteem and gratitude. A period of thirty-three years of difficult and successful service to one of my illustrious predecessors in office, Dr. Samuel H. Taylor, and that his administration and Miss McKeen's ran parallel for nearly twelve years. Miss McKeen has presided over Abbot Academy for more than half its entire history, and more than three-fourths of its living alumnae must have been her pupils. Mary Lyon was only twelve years at South Hadley; Emma Willard taught at Troy only seventeen years; Catherine Beecher conducted her famous school at Hartford only eleven years; Miss McKeen has had the distinction of being principal of Abbot Academy almost as long as their three terms combined.

I became acquainted with Abbot Academy, with Miss McKeen and her brilliant sister, Miss Phebe, in 1865, at a time when I was enjoying the advantages of "proximate education," and I have been conversant with the school ever since, that is, I have known its history almost intricately, through all Miss McKeen's happy reign except the first six toilsome years, and I have therefore, somewhat greater confidence in my estimate of the excellence of the institution, the devotion of its teachers, the worth of its girls, the quality of the education it imparts, the wholesomeness of the influ-

ences and motives by which its scholars have been trained to take their full part in the work of the wide world. Professor Churchill has given me an opportunity to contrast the different methods of the education of women, — the co-education of Oberlin and Ann Arbor, the “annex” system adopted at Harvard and Columbia, the isolation of Mt. Holyoke and Vassar, the friendly grouping of independent institutions, each in its separate sphere, and mutually helpful to each other, as at Andover. But this is an hour of felicitation, and I shall not be led away from the main purpose of this occasion even to relate instructive anecdotes illustrating the incidental difficulties and the substantial merits of the Andover plan. I may be permitted to say, however, that in circumstances very trying, sometimes open to misunderstanding and misconstruction, and under conditions always calling for sympathy, wisdom, and tact, a clear judgment, and a steady hand, Miss McKeen has held on her way with a calm confidence and a modest courage which have been effective in making her connection with the Academy memorable not so much for the years as for the intellectual and moral power of her teaching and example. She has given over to the school her own spirit and life.

And now, honored Miss McKeen, may I turn a moment to you, and congratulate you on this assembly drawn together alike by love for their school and for you. I congratulate you that your memories of Abbot are to be of continual advance and improvement. The Academy of eighteen fifty-nine and the Academy of eighteen ninety-two are so unlike in buildings, grounds, libraries, collections, apparatus, musical and art equipment, and all that constitutes a refined home and a well-equipped school, that it will not be exaggeration or flattery to adopt a saying which belongs to Augustus and the Roman city — you found it brick and left it marble. I congratulate you that you have always been engaged in what Plato calls “the divine art of teaching.”

"The task was thine to mold and fashion
Life's plastic newness into grace."

You have seen successive classes responding to the truths of literature, philosophy, history, art, and you have felt the joy of it, and that of your pupils.

"What delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one who loves and knows not, reaps
The truth from one who loves and knows."

I congratulate you on the more tender and sacred memories of the family devotions, the school-room prayers, the more formal religious meetings, and the most personal and intimate conversations and confidences of the "quarters" in the hush of the Sabbath afternoons and early evenings, to which so many look back with profoundest gratitude, as the beginning of untold spiritual blessings. I congratulate you on the relief from duties and responsibilities to which you have been accustomed for so long a time, and on the opportunity thus secured to you for other activities no less enjoyable and faithful. There is no note of farewell in our meeting to-day. Years hence, may it be many years, age will come upon you, but even then your life, as heretofore, will be filled with usefulness, and you will be still engaged in doing good. For to the resolute and faithful

"Age hath its opportunities, no less
Than youth, but in a different dress;
As when the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is bright with stars, invisible by day."

PROFESSOR CHURCHILL.

I offer you the final sentiment:

The Parents of Abbot Academy Girls: They know the school as a positive centre of influence for good in the formation of character, where Christian culture is a daily power, where life and religion are one.

No representative of the parents of "Abbot girls" is better qualified to testify to the truth of this sentiment than one who has sent five daughters to the Academy,—the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.

DR. HAMLIN.

Mr. Chairman:

I presume I am called upon to speak on behalf of the parents because I am the oldest of those designated, and must therefore know too much to make a long speech at this very late hour, and also because I have sent more daughters to Abbot Academy than any other parent. As parents we are under obligations of gratitude to Abbot Academy, and especially to Miss McKeen, for the intellectual, moral and spiritual training which she has given our daughters.

But we must not forget what we owe to Miss McKeen for the admirable health which has uniformly pervaded this institution. It has become fashionable for New England academies and colleges to be visited annually with typhoid fever, often resulting fatally. This is a heavy indictment of our civilization and science. Abbot Academy has, in regard to health, a record equalled by no other, and the record should be made known. I wonder how any parent who regards the life of his daughter can send her anywhere else.

As parents of alumnae we owe our most generous gifts to the Academy, whether in gold or our daughters, or in both.

I have no gold to give, but I have given five splendid daughters, every one of whom was worth her weight in gold. Those who have fewer daughters should give the more gold, and now is the time when such gifts are imperatively needed.

As parents, we shall earnestly desire and pray for the continued life and happiness of Miss McKeen, whose life and labors are the glory of the institution. It will not be

out of place, I hope, to mention also Mr. Draper and the Board of Trustees, whose counsel and efforts have so ably and successfully sustained her through her whole career.

If I have exceeded my time, attribute it to the loyalty with which I regard Abbot Academy.

PROFESSOR CHURCHILL.

The closing moment is come. I hazard nothing in affirming that we all feel that it is good to have been here. And I am sure that the beloved Principal of the school must feel that to have such a place in the hearts and memories of old and young, is like giving back to her some part of what time is busy in taking away from her. We will close the happy hours by singing the old anniversary hymn, set to music by our loyal friend, the accomplished teacher of music in the Academy,—PROF. S. M. DOWNS. The singing to be followed by the benediction, pronounced by REV. DR. HAMLIN.

However great the over-estimate of worth and service, the “McKeen Breakfast” will ever be a bright and grateful memory as a generous expression of love and loyalty from those whose holding of it makes it golden.

XIV.

Reminiscence is natural as a period nears its close. When I came to Andover, Abbot Academy stood fronting the street with Smith Hall squarely behind it, leaving room for a pretty bit of gardening. At that time the school owned but one acre and that was in a state of nature; it was a barren field enclosed by a rude fence, through which entrance and exit were made by a great gate, which usually stood open. There was no driveway; every person was allowed to choose his own, and there was need of choice to avoid large rocks and damp basins here and there, as in a poor pasture.

Smith Hall was then but five years old and still looked fresh and new; the parlors furnished then so lately by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe were simple and tasteful in their green and white carpets and chintz draperies and upholstery of the same colors.

The Principal had, till then, occupied one room and that was in the most remote corner of the house. A change was effected and my sister and I, from the first, took the two rooms opposite the public parlors, making a suite by having a door cut between them.

But throughout the house, a room twelve feet square, was occupied by two young ladies. The school was small; the whole family was lodged upon the second floor and sat at one table in the dining-room: the house, cheery in the daytime, was dreary at night, for the only means of illumination was the one glass hand lamp furnished to each person, of about the size and general outline of a goblet, in which whale oil was burned through two small round wicks, which were especially useful in showing where the lamp was, so that it might not be ignorantly overturned.

There were three, and only three pictures, belonging to Abbot Academy ; two of these were lithographic likenesses of Professor and Mrs. Stowe which she had hung in the parlor, and the third was the painted portrait of Madam Abbot, supposed to be the work of T. Buchanan Read, which hangs in the Academy Hall. It was a dreary place for the Madam there ; a bare, rough floor, coarse plaster upon the walls and ceilings, variegated by great patches of smoke from candles in their tin reflectors, which were the only means of lighting the hall. The platform was hardly more than a broad shelf upon which the teachers were perched and the pupils were seated behind huge wooden desks.

This was too bad. But the first great fact which the trustees impressed upon us was the poverty of the school and their first lesson to us was — “ Be content with such things as ye have.” We saw that no change could be made, unless, perchance, by our own wits, and so began to devise, as women will. We inaugurated a series of entertainments consisting of lectures from kind friends, a reading by the renowned Professor Russell, and tableaux representing Oriental grandeur. One evening we gave a “ Cantata — The Haymakers,” which was produced after much drill and stage preparation : when the successful performance was at its height, and theological students and Abbot girls, after raking real hay in the real field spread upon a platform in the rear end of the Academy hall, were enjoying their “ noon-piece ” and a moment’s rest, a well-known voice sounded through the room saying “ Daughter, this is no place for us. Let us be going,” and a venerable theological Professor and his daughter left the room and also left a temporary damper upon our conviviality. He died years ago, otherwise I fear his righteous soul might have been vexed overmuch by our frequent later dramatic performances in French and German. The result of our efforts was a carpet for the Academy Hall, and the Trustees completed the good work by broadening the platform and papering the walls.

At this early date, the whole library of the school,—except some Sabbath-school books kept at Smith Hall,—was accommodated in two bookcases occupying the ends of this stage.

The reverse of the picture is familiar.

The one acre has broadened to twenty-three acres, crossed by fine driveways, and by foot-paths leading to lawns or woods, to tennis courts or to quiet seats. Every pupil has her own room; the public rooms are spacious and elegant, the library fills the room built for it in Draper Hall and overflows into the Reading-Room adjoining; the three pictures,—the original art collection, have multiplied and multiplied until now the amount reached is over three thousand art illustrations, including photographs, outline drawings, engravings, marbles, alabasters, bronzes and casts. The studios and suites of music rooms satisfy our high ambition. Tallow candles and whale oil lamps are supplanted by electricity and the plant for lighting and heating belongs to the Academy.

“Surely the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.”

The opening of Colleges for Women is a great enlargement for the race, but it has necessarily been a damage to Abbot Academy. Young women of great intellectual power and high literary ambition, many of whom have been a stimulus and an ornament to Abbot in years past, would now naturally and properly go to College. Must our school then sink to the level of a preparatory school? If it does, it will be through the fault of its friends. The preparatory course has its place here, and its work should be so thorough that the name of Abbot Academy will be an open sesame to any college.

But the place of honor here should be given to our academic course of study to be crowned by our own diploma. There are and always will be, many parents, who for various reasons, prefer not to send their daughters through



SUNSET LODGE

college nor to large schools; they seek rather a healthful, refined, safe *home*, where their daughters may be led, by competent teachers, through a well-appointed, liberal course of study, looking toward fitness for teaching, for travel, for educated society, for church work, for literary clubs, and more than all, for cultivated Christian homes. Let Abbot continue to be pre-eminently such a school. It would fill a quiet, useful, artistic niche in the great educational system which might well be coveted.

That the education conferred here is capable of producing high results is abundantly proved by the grand women, whom we proudly count among our alumnae, and who gratefully and loyally believe in their Alma Mater.

"Would the patronage of the school make it self-supporting?" Perhaps, and perhaps not.

An endowment fund, whose interest would cover a possible deficit should be raised, so that the good work would go on without anxiety about finances.

Before the mid-year of 1892 was reached, the following note from Mr. George Ripley, Clerk of the Trustees, was put into my hands;

"The following minute offered by Mr. Draper was unanimously adopted and ordered to be entered upon the records of the Board. 'Appreciating Miss McKeen's many years of devotion to the interests of Abbot Academy, the Trustees hereby proffer to her on her retirement from the Principalship, the free use of the house known as South Hall, together with one-half acre of land under and around the same, during her lifetime, or for so long a time as she may wish to occupy the house herself, not to be sub-let to other persons except by special consent of the Trustees.'" Then follow various conditions to be observed and promises to put the house in good repair for my occupation.

Thus wonderfully did the Lord go before me and provide a home for me under the very shadow of the School Buildings and upon the grounds whose expansion and improvement I had watched so many years.

The Baccalaureate for the class of '92 was preached by Rev. Willard G. Sperry, D. D., who spoke upon these words: "And it came to pass when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine; for he taught them as one having authority and not as the scribes." It was admirable in originality, suggestion and impressiveness. A few quotations will be a grateful memory to the class addressed and are a rich tribute to old scholars and the help which they received from the school. Dr. Sperry said, "There are some in this numerous assembly to whom the present occasion, placed amidst the closing hours of the academic year, is full of tender interest. I have dared hope concerning such, and especially concerning those whose course draws near its end, that there may come to you some help this morning in the thought of Christ's perfect authority. It has been yours to learn, by the experience of your years in Andover, that life is not only schooled but dignified and variously blessed when it is placed under reasonable commandment. You know certainly that authority wisely and kindly exercised over you for the best moral ends, although irksome for the time, issues, at last, in personal freedom, in high resolve, in conscious erectness, in steadiness of purpose, in the elastic step, in the soldierly bearing and spirit.

As the hour of graduation approaches for some of you who have been under authority, how you will linger amidst the festivities of these closing days, with loving thought of one whose more honorable, more joyous graduation day approaches also. She has long been with you and with pupils of past years as one having authority; authority assumed by His commandment, —and no man taketh it from her, —by His commandment to be laid aside. In what words shall reverent affection speak of her? Already she has in the lives of her many pupils, her joy and her crown. Lives scholarly; lives strong and high in their sense of duty; lives clear in their mental and moral vision; lives gathering up the spirit of this institution which has been

full of her life ; lives womanly ; — in what distant quarter of the land, nay, in what other lands may not these lives be found, invigorated, made heroic, still counting themselves blessed ; because once they lived under the inspiration of her commands. It surely need not be an hour of sorrow when now the place of authority is to be left behind. The dignity of it, the joy of it, the power of it was in His commandment, and His commandment remains for later service and other years.

And not for other years only, but for the life beyond, where they need not count succession by years, or centuries. It is for the Christian, glad when he takes up or resigns his task at Christ's command, to find, in his hope of eternity, as well as in his expectation for remaining time, his chiefest joy in this, that his life is to be lifted up and blessed by the power of an everlasting commandment."

My last official communication to the Trustees was as follows :

To the Trustees of Abbot Academy :

DEAR FRIENDS.— The last has been a good year to the school. Some important improvements have been made in Draper Hall. I have interested four friends to decorate the walls and ceilings of four rooms so that with the exception of the reading room,¹ the plaster in all of our public rooms, is now painted. My earnest application to Honorable Dexter Richards for help, resulted in a gift of five hundred dollars towards the debt upon Draper Hall.

But the best record is in the pleasant lives and faithful work of our pupils. For several years past the rules of the school have been dropped, one by one, till now there are scarcely more restrictions than in any well regulated family ; and at the close of the last year we gave up the self-reporting system and are much gratified by the result of the experiment.

But you are waiting to hear of the prospects for the coming year. I have no doubt but that the third floor of Draper Hall will be needed in part, if not the whole of it ;

¹ Through the liberality of Mrs. George W. Coburn, I had the pleasure of seeing that accomplished before I left Draper Hall.

if so, more furniture will be required. I wish to say now, while suggestion from me is allowable, that when the requirements of the school shall call for converting the baggage room in the third story of the wing into apartments for young ladies, they should all be either single rooms or suites. The double rooms which we now have are very unpopular and we have hard work to persuade pupils to take them.

With this paper I resign my office of Principal of Abbot Academy, which I have held for thirty-three years. I can never lose my interest in what has been my life-work; but I shall constantly remember that, henceforth, my relation to the school is simply that of neighbor and friend. With a warm appreciation of your trust in me officially and of all your personal kindness to me, I am very truly yours,

PHILENA MCKEEN.

ANDOVER, June 14, 1892.

A beautiful decoration of my last anniversary in the school was a lawn party given by the Alumnae Association on Monday preceding the graduation of the class. The grounds were very gay with graceful tents and broad Japanese umbrellas and flying flags. Refreshments were served from hospitable tents near Maple Walk; all of the appointments were admirable; groups of friends sauntering over the lawn in the low sunlight, or resting under the shadow of the old oak, made a picture of great beauty, and left a blessed memory of friendships never to be sundered.

I had invited Miss Watson, the Principal-elect, to stand with me as I received the guests in the Mason Drawing-room, that I might have the satisfaction of presenting her to the Andover people, the many alumnae present, and to the members of the school.

It was my desire that our Orator on this my last Anniversary should be some person who had been familiar with the school for years and would be in sympathy with us now. Such was Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, and an added satisfaction came in the presence of Rev. Arthur Little, D.D., a long-time friend, who made the closing prayer.

Professor J. W. Churchill presided, and Professor J. P. Taylor presented the diplomas; in the warmth of kindly feeling, both over-estimated the services now ended.

Our parting hymn was sung:

“Father I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me.”

We had sung it for seventeen years; no graduate from Abbot Academy during that time can ever hear even the first chords of Professor Downs' tune to which it is wedded, without thrilling to her finger tips. But this time, it seemed written all for me, and in the strength of it I went out, without fear, to meet the changes that would surely come.

The long summer vacation which followed was full of work. I had offered to take charge of the interests of the school as aforesaid, till Miss Watson should come in September. This involved attending to the correspondence and receiving parents, daughters, and friends who came to make inquiries or applications. I looked over and arranged for future reference the mass of material which had accumulated pertaining to the school.

At the same time I was superintending the repairs which the Trustees were making in the house I was to occupy. I was also making frequent trips to Boston, selecting furniture for the house, and returning, was busy in getting my effects ready for moving out of my beautiful “McKeen Rooms.”

As the days went on, I foresaw that the applications would require not only the furnishing of the rooms on the third floor of the main building, but that the great baggage-room in that story, should be speedily made into apartments for pupils, according to the original plan whenever they should be needed. I immediately communicated these facts to the Trustees who acted with great promptitude, and though the time was very short, less than two months, the pretty new rooms,—not a double room among them,—were ready for their occupants at the opening of the school year. Pro-

fessor Taylor and Mr. Warren L. Floyd of Lowell, had the charge of this very successful job.

It was a natural satisfaction to me to transfer to the incoming administration Draper Hall with every room filled, save one.

By that time, I was happily settled in my own house, which paint and paper had made fresh and tasteful. Its furnishings, new and old, mementoes of friends and souvenirs of other lands, with the life-like portrait of my dear sister presiding over all, soon made it a veritable home.

A reporter from the Abbot Courant, January, 1893, writes: "Who among all the old girls would not pause in amazement at the change which has been wrought in what used to be South Hall? All the rooms have been daintily papered and painted and the light from the windows is softened by silk sash curtains, or snowy muslin draperies. On the left of the front door is the library, where the Rogers' group and the alabaster Lorenzo still hold their posts, as in Smith Hall days, on either side of one of the bookcases. On the other side of the entrance are the parlors filled with gifts from friends and rare souvenirs of foreign travel. In a corner of the room stands an easel bearing the portrait of Miss Phebe, where the light falls upon it in a way that brings out the strength and symmetry of the noble face. Every room in the house contains tokens from friends far and near, and relics of the past, not the least interesting of which are the brass andirons from Miss McKeen's childhood home. Artistically caught in netting, which is draped the length of a wall in the sewing-room, is a group vying with Correggio's children in the Duomo of Parma,—a group composed of Abbot Academy grandchildren. It seems as though our Trustees must find themselves rewarded a thousandfold for their well-deserved generosity toward Miss McKeen, when they behold the wonderful transformation that has been wrought in old South Hall. In fact it is



PARLOR, SUNSET LODGE

South Hall no longer, but Sunset Lodge, the beautiful home of one who is dear to us all."

Because the bright sun floods it all day and sets in wondrous glory before the western windows, and also because these are my sunset years, I have named my house "Sunset Lodge."

The last name reminds me that this is only a lodge, — a waiting-place, till, through grace, the Father shall summon me HOME.

APPENDIX.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

TOWARD THE
BUILDING FUND OF DRAPER HALL,
ABBOT ACADEMY.

Mrs. Albert Abbot	\$ 50	Mary E. Bullard	\$ 10
George L. Abbott	200	Anna Bumstead	10
Hartwell B. Abbott	50	Martha Heywood Burrage	100
Mrs. James T. Ames	20	Minnie L. Burrage	10
Julia M. Atkinson	10	John Byers	2000
Frederick D. Ayer	500	Mrs. John Byers	1000
Bessie C. Baird	500	Mrs. Charles L. Carter	100
Agnes T. Baldwin	5	Robert Carter	100
Mrs. H. L. Ballard	110	Elizabeth M. Chadbourne	25
J. P. Bancroft	50	Mrs. A. C. Chamberlin	300
J. W. Barnard	100	Mrs Phebe Chandler, sister and brother	3200
Arianna A. Barron	100	Mrs. R. H. Chapell	200
L. Nellie Barron	100	Susan Fay Chapin	5
Mrs. Homer Barrows	55	Mrs. C. C. Chase	31
Helen Bartlett	10	John Wesley Churchill	500
Lydia M. Barton	50	Mrs. George W. Coburn	6000
Emma A. Beadle	10	John Cornell	200
Mary J. Belcher	10	Daniel Cummings	3.37
Mrs. Frederick Billings	500	N. M. Curtis	100
Sarah W. Bird	25	Mary Cushman Coyle	50
Henry A. Bodwell	25	Lillie A. Cutter	50
Lizzie Plummer Bowen	10	Mrs. Alice G. Barnard Davis	1000
Isabella P. Brewer	25	George L. Davis	5000
Mrs. Lucy Montague Brown	500	Sarah Ella Davis	5
Mary B. Briggs	2	Mrs. M. N. Day	125
E. Reed Brownell	5	Carrie W. Denny	25
Alice Buck	100	Mary J. Dodge	30
Walter Buck	100		

Nellie E. Dodge	\$ 30	Catharine Chapin Higgins	\$ 10
Helen Page Doune	5	Mrs E. A. Higgins	10
Warren F. Draper	25000	Edward Y. Hincks	100
Mrs. Warren F. Draper	110	Caroline A. F. Holmes	25
Anna Ladd Drummond	15	T. A. Holt	500
Mrs. Annie Dunn	10	Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Hood	50
Charles McKeen Duren	35	James W. Howard	50
John Dwight	1000	Adelaide and Julia Howard	15
Mary W. Dwight	26.50	Mary T. Howe	10
Mr. and Mrs. George T. Eaton	25	James Hunter	50
Mrs. L. H. Eaton	10	Mrs. John E. Jacobs	100
Mrs. B. B. Edwards	100	P. M. Jefferson	28
Alice B. Emerson	10	William S. Jenkins	200
Mary A. Farwell	10	Mrs H. C. I. Jewett	50
Mrs. Fay	60	F. H. Johnson	1000
C. McE. Fellows	5	Adelina W. Jones	2
Mrs. Hannah T. Fenn	100	Miss Jones	10
Mrs J. H. Flint	100	M. I. Jones	100
Mrs. Frederick Fosdick	10	Cleora F. Munson Judd	100
Annie M. Foster	125	Mary L. Karr	10
Moses Foster	100	John Kendall	10
Mary E. Fowle	25	Mattie Kenneson	10
Rufus S. Frost	500	T. D. Kenneson	10
Maria L. Gardner	5	Clara Dwight Ketchum	100
C. H. Gilbert	25	Angelina Kimball	25
Gussie Gillette	25	Annah J. Kimball	10
Lillie Gillette	25	Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kimball	40
Elizabeth W. Goddard	10	Fanny A. Kimball	25
M. E. Gray	50	Joseph Kimball	100
Jennie Lincoln Greeley	10	Annie J. King	5
W. O. Grover	1000	Luthera Kingman	5
Carrie E. Hall	25	Sara B. G. Knight	5
Mrs. Fannie Kimball Harlow	500	Mattie W. Kuhnien	25
Mary P. Hartley	5	Caroline A. Ladd	1000
George Harris	100	Warren Ladd	20
Mrs. M. A. Hartwell	103	S. G. Mack	100
Mrs. Charles Heywood	30	Mrs. Peter McCarter	2
Helen C. Heywood	100	Jessie T. McClellan	5
Henry Heywood	100	Harriet Hurd McClure	15
Martha W. Heywood	100	Margaret C. McGiffert	20
Seth Heywood	200	Philena McKeen	500
Andrew B. Hendryx	150	Clara Houghton Manson	20
Mary E. Hidden	50	Mortimer B. Mason	1500

Sarah E. Warren Mason	\$ 50	Mattie Pillsbury Rollins	\$ 25
Mrs. Elizabeth S. Mead	60	W. L. Ropes	10
Emily A. Means	25	Nelly Abbott Sawyer	6
William G. Means	1000	Mrs. F. P. Shaw	25
Maria S. Merrill	25	Elliott F. Shepard	50
Mrs. Selah Merrill	100	J. A. Smart	25
Mrs. Arethusa E. Merwin	25	Emily Smith	5
Miranda B. Merwin	25	Mrs. James B. Smith	100
Mrs. Charles L. Mills	500	Jennie Smith	25
Dora J. Moody	5	John L. Smith	200
Alice H. M. Moore	20	Joseph W. Smith	2550
Mrs. Marcus Morton	100	Mrs. Joseph W. Smith	1000
Florence Ladd Munger	25	Mrs. Peter Smith	1000
Ora W. Neal	15	Miss Susanna W. Smith	1000
E. I. Nevin	10	Smith and Manning	200
Mrs. Hannah Nevin	25	Egbert C. Smyth	100
M. M. Nevin	10	Mrs. Spalding and Miss Dora	
Harriet Chapell Newcomb	200	Spalding	50
Mrs. Abigail Lamson Olney	2000	Mary A. Spalding	500
Agnes Park	25	Rebecca A. Spalding	100
Fanny Fletcher Parker	10	Mrs. Henrietta Learoyd Sperry	100
Jane H. Pearson	15	M. F. Stevens	5
Mrs. Ellen Smith Pillsbury	500	Margaret F. Stevens	10
Louise W. Pitts	100	Mrs. J. M. Stone	200
Edward G. Porter	1000	Mary E. Stow	25
T. F. Pratt	10	Mary W. Stratton	25
Jeanette Prince	5	Florence W. Swan	100
Martha Hutchinson Ray	25	Charlotte H. Swift	35
J. C. Rea	5	Lizzie Swift	40
Rea & Abbott	50	Edward Taylor	1000
Mrs. J. P. Reed	5	John Phelps Taylor	100
Dexter Richards	500	Emily B. Thompson	100
Mrs. Dexter Richards and		Annie Torrey	100
Miss Josephine E. Richards	700	C. C. Torrey	5
Mrs. Lizzie Farnsworth Rich-		George Makepeace Towle	200
ards	100	Mary E. Towle	3
Mrs. Mary Ann Richards	25	Mrs. John F. Trow	100
Mrs. William R. Richards	10	William J. Tucker	112
George Ripley	2500	Mrs. Sophia K. Tufts	200
Mrs. George Ripley	2650	Mrs. Mary Chase Tuttle	5
Julia F. Robbins	25	Mrs. Kate Buss Tyer	100
Alice Rogers	25	Kate L. Tyer	200

Valpey Brothers	\$100	Mrs. Anna Hodges Wilson	\$100
Joseph B. Walker	100	Mrs. Myron Winslow	200
Marion Dwight Walker	100	Mrs. George Wood	135
Nellie Walkley	20	Augusta Woodbury	50
James P. Wallace	100	E. A. Woods	10
Mabel F. Wheaton	25	W. H. H. Wooster	100
J. E. Whiting	5	Fannie H. Wright	50
Mrs. Mary H. Morton Whitman	50	An old scholar	50
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Ellen Wilbur	25	Sons of the Veterans	85
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Mrs. R. M. Wilbur	20	Receipts from lectures by	
H. B. Wilder	50	Mr. Towle	200.75
Charles A. Williams	50	Receipts from lectures by	
Mary Stuart Williams	100	Prof. Charles A. Young	89.20

Subscriptions of one dollar or less are not included in the above list.

The gifts which have modestly found their way into the hands of the treasurer without the names of the donors, amount to \$1,396.

Donations from different Classes amount to \$1,164.

THE NEED OF A NEW ACADEMY BUILDING.

The friends of the school rejoice in the beautiful new building, — Draper Hall — which more than realizes their most ardent hopes.

But the good work should not stop here, nor falter, until a new Academy is built. It would not displace the old and revered Academy, which is the monument of noble work, early begun, and courageously carried on, for nearly seventy years, for the education of women; the object of so many pleasant memories and fond associations.

That would be used as a science building, where the treasures of our cabinets would find fitting accommodation and the telescope still watch over all.

A new Academy building is *urgently* needed to furnish sufficient and suitable recitation-rooms and a large audience room for the many occasions which attract friends in great numbers to the school. A fund for this purpose is begun. A legacy of five thousand dollars from Mrs. Phebe A. Chandler, — who was one of the original members of the school, — to which some additions have already been made, is an encouragement to generous contributions from all who know and love the school.

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